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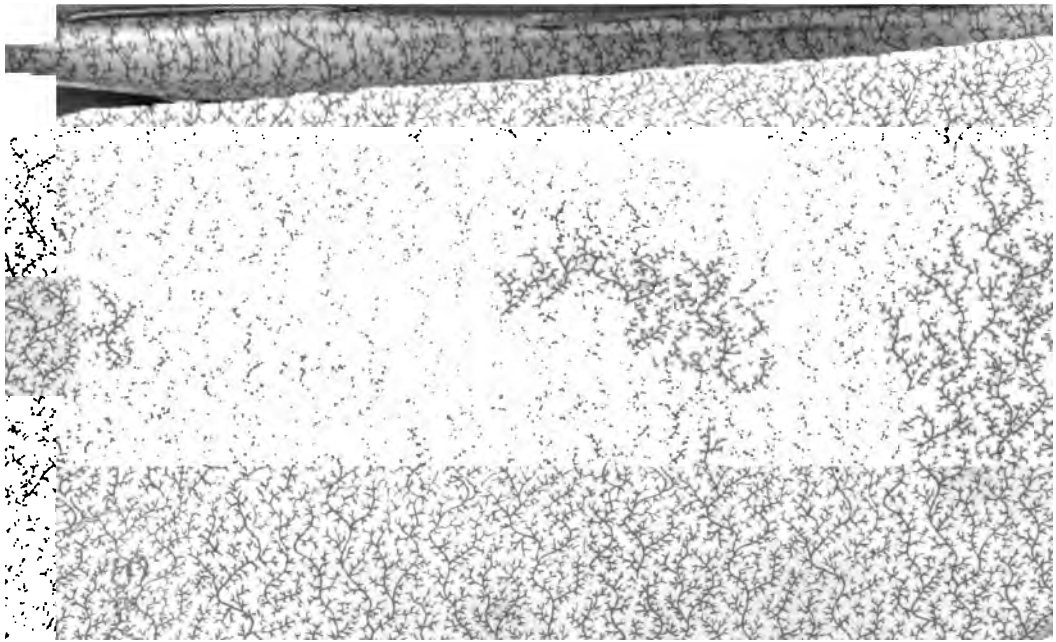

MISS SEWARD'S

Monody

ON

MAJOR ANDRE;

AND

ELEGY

ON

CAPTAIN COOK.

ALSO

MR. PRATT'S SYMPATHY.

A POEM.

TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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Monody

ON

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

LOUD howls the storm! the vex'd Atlantic roars!
Thy Genius, Britain, wanders on its shores!
Hears cries of horror wafted from afar,
And groans of anguish, 'mid the shrieks of war!
Hears the deep curses of the Great and Brave,
Sigh in the wind, and murmur on the wave!
O'er his damp brow the sable crape he binds,
And throws his *victor-garland to the winds;

* *Victor-garland.*—Alluding to the conquest by Lord Cornwallis.

Bids haggard Winter, in her drear sojourn,
Tear the dim foliage from her drizzling urn,
With sickly yew unfragrant cypress twine,
And hang the dusky wreath round honor's shrine.
Bids steel-clad valour chace his dove-like bride,
Enfeebling mercy, from his awful side;
Where long she sat, and check'd the ardent rein,
As whirl'd his chariot o'er th' embattled plain;
Gilded with sunny smile her April tear,
Rais'd her white arm and stay'd the uplifted spear;
Then, in her place, bids vengeance mount the car,
And glut with gore th'insatiate dogs of war!
With one pale hand the †bloody scroll he rears,
And bids his nations blot it with their tears;
And one, extended o'er th' Atlantic wave,
Points to his Andrè's ignominious grave!

† *Bloody Scroll.*—The Court-Martial decree, signed at Tappan, for Major Andrè's execution.

And shall the Muse, that marks the solemn scene,
" As busy fancy lifts the veil between,"
Refuse to mingle in the awful train,
Nor breathe with glowing zeal the votive strain?
From public fame shall admiration fire
The boldest numbers of her raptur'd lyre
To hymn a stranger?—And with ardent lay
Lead the wild mourner round her Cook's morai,
While Andrè fades upon his dreary bier,
And *Julia's only tribute is her tear?
Dear, lovely youth! whose gentle virtues stole
Thro' friendship's soft'ning medium on her soul!
Ah no!—with every strong resistless plea,
Rise the recorded days she pass'd with thee;
While each dim shadow of o'erwhelming years,
With eagle-glance reverted, memory clears.

* *Julia.*—The name by which Mr. Andrè addressed the Author in his correspondence with her.

Belov'd companion of the fairest hours
That rose for her in joy's resplendent bow'rs,
How gaily shone on thy bright morn of youth
The Star of Pleasure, and the Sun of Truth!
Full from their source descended on thy mind
Each gen'rous virtue, and each taste refin'd.
Young Genius led thee to his varied fane,
Bade thee ask †all his gifts, nor ask in vain;
Hence novel thoughts, in ev'ry lustre drest
Of pointed wit, that diamond of the breast;
Hence glow'd thy fancy with poetic ray,
Hence music warbled in thy sprightly lay;
And hence thy pencil, with his colours warm,
Caught ev'ry grace, and copied ev'ry charm,

†*All his gifts.*—Mr. Andrè had conspicuous talents for Poetry, Music, and Painting. The news-papers mentioned a satiric poem of his upon the Americans, which was supposed to have stimulated their barbarity towards him.—Of his wit and vivacity, the letters subjoined to this work afford ample proof.—They were addressed to the Author by Mr. Andrè when he was a youth of eighteen.

Whose transient glories beam on beauty's cheek,
And bid the glowing ivory breathe and speak.
Blest pencil! by kind fate ordained to save
Honora's semblance from her *early grave,
Oh! while on †Julia's arm it sweetly smiles,
And each lorn thought, each long regret beguiles,
Fondly she weeps the hand, which form'd the spell,
Now shroudless mould'ring in its earthy cell!

But sure the youth, whose ill-starr'd passion
With all the pangs of inauspicious love, strove

* *Early grave.*—Miss Honora S——, to whom Mr. Andrè's attachment was of such singular constancy, died in a consumption a few months before he suffered death at Tappan. She had married another gentleman four years after her engagement with Mr. Andrè had been dissolved by parental authority.

† *Julia's arm.*—Mr. Andrè drew two miniature pictures of Miss Honora S—— on his first acquaintance with her at Buxton, in the year 1769, one for himself, the other for the author of this poem.

Full oft deplor'd the fatal art that stole
The jocund freedom of its master's soul.

While with nice hand he mark'd the living grace,
And matchless sweetness of Honora's face,
Th' enamour'd youth the faithful traces blest,
That barb'd the dart of beauty in his breast;
Around his neck th' enchanting Portrait hung,
While a warm vow burst ardent from his tongue,
That from his bosom no succeeding day,
No chance should bear that talisman away.

*'Twas thus Apelles bask'd in beauty's blaze,
And felt the mischief of the stedfast gaze;
Trac'd with disordered hand Campaspe's charms,
And as their beams the kindling canvas warms,

* *'Twas thus Apelles.*—Prior is very elegant upon this circumstance in an Ode to his friend, Mr. Howard, the Painter.

Triumphant love, with still superior art,
Engraves their wonders on the Painter's heart.

Dear lost companion! ever constant youth!
That Fate had smil'd propitious on thy truth!
Nor bound th' ensanguin'd laurel on that brow
Where Love ordain'd his brightest wreath to glow!
Then Peace had led thee to her softest bow'rs,
And Hymen strew'd thy path with all his flow'rs,
Drawn to thy roof, by friendship's silver cord,
Each social joy had brighten'd at thy board;
Science and soft Affection's blended rays
Had shone unclouded on thy lengthen'd days;
From hour to hour, thy taste, with conscious pride,
Had mark'd new talents in thy lovely bride;
Till thou hadst own'd the magic of her face
Thy fair Honora's least engaging grace.
Dear lost Honora! o'er thy early bier
Sorrowing the Muse still sheds her sacred tear!

The blushing rose-bud in its vernal bed,
By Zephyrs fann'd, by glist'ring dew-drops fed,
In June's gay morn that scents the ambient air,
Was not more sweet, more innocent, or fair.
Oh! when such Pairs their kindred spirit find,
When sense and virtue deck each spotless mind,
Hard is the doom that shall the union break,
And Fate's dark billow rises o'er the wreck.

Now Prudence, in her cold and thrifty care,
Frown'd on the maid, and bade the youth despair;
For pow'r parental sternly saw, and strove
To tear the lily-bands of plighted love;
Nor strove in vain; but while the fair one's sighs
Disperse, like April storms in sunny skies,
The firmer lover, with unswerving truth,
To his first passion consecrates his youth;
Tho' four long years a night of absence prove,
Yet hope's soft star shone trembling on his love;

Till † hov'ring rumour chas'd the pleasing
dream,
And veil'd, with raven-wing, the silver beam.

" Honora lost! my happy rival's bride!
Swell ye full sails! and roll thou mighty tide!
O'er the dark waves forsaken Andrè bear
Amid the vollying thunders of the war!
To win bright glory from my country's foes,
E'en in this ice of Love, my bosom glows.
Voluptuous London! in whose gorgeous bow'rs
The frolic pleasures lead the dancing hours,
From Orient-vales Sabean-odours bring,
Nor ask her roses of the tardy Spring;
Where Painting burns the Grecian meed to
claim,
From the high Temple of immortal Fame,

† *Hov'ring rumour.*—The tidings of Honora's marriage. Upon that event, Mr. Andrè quitted his profession as a merchant, and joined our Army in America.

Bears to the radiant goal with ardent pace,
Her Kauffman's beauty, and her Reynold's grace;
Where Music floats the glitt'ring roofs among,
And with meandering cadence swells the song,
While sun-clad Poesy the bard inspires,
And foils the Grecian Harps, the Latin Lyres.

"Ye soft'ning luxuries! ye polish'd arts!
Bend your enfeebling rays on tranquil hearts!
I quit the Song, the Pencil, and the Lyre,
White robes of Peace, and Pleasure's soft attire,
To seize the Sword, to mount the rapid Car,
In all the proud habiliments of war.
Honora lost! I woo a sterner bride,
The armed Bellona calls me to her side;
Harsh is the music of our marriage strain!
It breathes in thunder from the western plain!
Wide o'er the wat'ry world its echoes roll,
And rouse each latent ardour of my soul.

And tho' unlike the soft melodious lay,
That gaily wak'd Honora's nuptial day,
Its deeper tones shall whisper, e'er they cease,
More genuine transport, and more lasting peace!

"Resolv'd I go! no from that fatal bourn
To these gay scenes, shall Andrè's step return!
Set is the star of love, that ought to guide
His refluent bark across the mighty tide!
But while my country's foes, with impious hand,
Hurl o'er the blasted plains the livid brand
Of dire Sedition!—Oh! let Heav'n ordain
While Andrè lives! he may not live in vain!

"Yet without one kind farewell, cou'd I roam
Far from my weeping friends, my peaceful home,
The best affections of my heart must cease,
And gratitude be lost, with hope, and peace!

" My lovely sisters! who were wont to twine
Your souls' soft feeling with each wish of mine,
Shall, when this breast beats high at glory's call,
From your mild eyes the show'rs of sorrow fall?
The light of excellence, that round you glows,
Decks with reflected beam your brother's brows!
Oh! may his fame, in some distinguish'd day,
Pour on that excellence the brightest ray!

" Dim clouds of woe! ye veil each sprightly
grace
That us'd to sparkle in Maria's face.
My *tuneful Anna to her lute complains,
But grief's fond throbs arrest the parting strains.
Fair as the silver blossom on the thorn,
Soft as the spirit of the vernal morn,
Louisa, chace those trembling fears, that prove
Th' ungovern'd terrors of a sister's love.

* *Tuneful Anna.*—Miss Anne André has a poetical talent.

They bend thy sweet head, like yon lucid flow'r,
That shrinks and fades beneath the Summer's
show'r.—

" Oh! smile, my sisters, on this destin'd day,
And with the radiant omen gild my way!
And thou, my brother, gentle as the gale,
Whose breath perfumes anew the blossom'd vale,
Yet quick of spirit, as th' electric beam,
When from the clouds its darting lightnings
stream,
Soothe with incessant care our mother's woes,
And hush her anxious sighs to soft repose.—
And be ye sure, when distant far I stray
To share the dangers of the arduous day,
Your tender faithful amity shall rest
The *last dear record of my grateful breast.

* *Last dear record.*—" I have a mother and three sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on

" Oh! graceful priestess at the fane of truth,
Friend of my soul! and guardian of my youth!
Skill'd to convert the duty to the choice,
My gentle mother! in whose melting voice
The virtuous precept, that perpetual flow'd,
With music warbled, and with beauty glow'd.
Thy tears!—ah Heav'n!—not drops of molten lead,
Pour'd on thy hapless son's devoted head,
With keener smart had each sensation torn!—
They wake the nerve where agonies are born!
But oh! restrain me not!—thy tender strife,
What wou'd it save?—alas! thy Andrè's life!
Oh! what a weary pilgrimage 'twill prove
Strew'd with the thorns of disappointed love!
Ne'er can he break the charm, whose fond con-
By habit rooted, lords it o'er his soul, [trol,

this subject, I know your excellency's goodness."—See Major Andrè's last letter to General Clinton, published in the Gazette.

If here he languish in inglorious ease,
Where science palls, and pleasures cease to please.
'Tis Glory only, with her potent ray,
Can chace the clouds that darken all his way.
Then dry those pearly drops that wildly flow,
Nor snatch the laurel from my youthful brow!
The Rebel-standard blazes to the noon!
And glory's path is bright before thy Son!
Then join thy voice! and thou with Heav'n ordain,
While Andrè lives, he may not live in vain!"

He says—and sighing seeks the busy strand,
Where anchor'd navies wait the wish'd command.
To the full gale the nearer billows roar,
And proudly lash the circumscribing shore;
While furious on the craggy coast they rave,
All calm and lovely rolls the distant wave;
For onward, as th' unbounded waters spread,
Deep sink the rocks in their capacious bed,

And all their pointed terrors utmost force
But gently interrupts the billows' course.

So on his present hour rude passion preys!
So smooth the prospect of his future days!
Unconscious of the storm, that grimly sleeps,
To wreck its fury on th' unshelter'd deeps!

Now yielding waves divide before the prow,
The white sails bend, the streaming pennants glow;
And swiftly waft him to the western plain,
Where fierce Bellona rages o'er the slain.

Firm in their strength opposing legions stand,
Prepar'd to drench with blood the thirsty land.
Now Carnage hurls her flaming bolts afar,
And Desolation groans amid the war.
As bleed the valiant, and the mighty yield,
Death stalks, the only victor, o'er the field.

Foremost in all the horrors of the day,
Impetuous *Andrè leads the glorious way;
Till, rashly bold, by numbers forc'd to yield,
They drag him captive from the long-fought field. —
Around the hero croud th' exulting bands,
And seize the spoils of war with bloody hands;
Snatch the dark plumage from his awful crest,
And tear the golden crescent from his breast;
The sword, the tube that wings the death from far,
And all the fatal implements of war!

Silent, unmov'd, the gallant youth survey'd
The lavish spoils triumphant ruffians made.

Impetuous Andrè.—It is in this passage only, that fiction has been employed through the narrative of the poem. Mr. Andrè was a prisoner in America, soon after his arrival there, but the Author is unacquainted with the circumstances of the action in which he was taken.

The idle ornament, the useless spear
He little recks, but oh! there is a fear
Pants with quick throb, while yearning sorrows dart
Thro' his chill frame, and tremble at his heart.

"What, tho' Honora's voice no more shall charm!
No more her beamy smile my bosom warm!
Yet from these eyes shall force for ever tear
The sacred image of that form so dear?
Shade *of my Love!—tho' mute and cold thy charms,
Ne'er hast thou blest my happy rival's arms!

* *Shade of my Love.*—The miniature of Honora. A letter from Major André to one of his friends, written a few years ago, contained the following sentence.—"I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stript of every thing, except the picture of Honora, which I preserved in my mouth. Preserving that, I yet think myself fortunate."

To my sad heart each dawn has seen thee prest!
Each night has laid thee pillow'd on my breast!
Force shall not tear thee from thy faithful shrine,
Shade of my love! thou shalt be ever mine!

"'Tis fix'd!—these lips shall resolute inclose
The precious soother of my ceaseless woes.
And should relentless violence invade
This last retreat by frantic fondness made,
One way remains!—Fate whispers to my soul
Intrepid *Portia and her burning coal!
So shall the throbbing inmate of my breast
From Love's sole gift meet everlasting rest!"

* *Portia.*—"*Brutus.*] Impatient of my absence,
And griev'd that young Octavius, with Mark Anthony
Had made themselves so strong, she grew distracted,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

"*Cassius.*] And dy'd so?

"*Brutus.*] Even so!

See Shakespeare's Play of Julius Cæsar. Act 4. Sc. 4.

While these sad thoughts in swift succession fire
The smother'd embers of each fond desire,
Quick to his mouth his eager hand removes
The beauteous semblance of the form he loves.
That darling treasure safe, resign'd he wears
The sordid robe, the scanty viand shares;
With cheerful fortitude content to wait
The barter'd ransom of a kinder fate.

Now many a moon in her pale course had shed
The pensive beam on Andrè's captive head.
At length the Sun rose jocund, to adorn
With all his splendor the enfranchised morn.
Again the hero joins the ardent train
That pours its thousands on the tented plain;
And shines distinguished in the long array,
Bright as the silver star that leads the day!
His modest temperance, his wakeful heed,
His silent diligence, his ardent speed,

Each warrior-duty to the veteran taught,
Shaming the vain experience time had brought.
Dependence scarcely feels his gentle sway,
He shares each want, and smiles each grief away.
And to the virtues of a noble heart,
Unites the talents of inventive art.
Thus from his swift and faithful pencil flow
The lines, the camp, the fortress of the foe;
Serene to counteract each deep design,
Points the dark ambush, and the springing mine;
Till, as a breathing incense, Andrè's name
Pervades the host, and swells the loud acclaim.

The Chief no virtue views with cold regard,
Skill'd to discern, and generous to reward;
Each tow'ring hope his honor'd smiles impart,
As near his person, and more near his heart
The graceful youth he draws, and round his brow
Bids rank and pow'r their mingled brilliance throw.

Oh! hast thou seen a blooming morn of May
In chrystal beauty shed the modest ray,
And with its balmy dew's refreshing show'r
Swell the young grain, and ope the purple flow'r,
In bright'ning lustre reach its radiant noon,
Rob'd in the gayest mantle of the Sun?
Then 'mid the splendours of its azure skies,
Oh! hast thou seen the cruel storm arise,
In sable horror shroud each dazzling charm,
And dash their glories back with icy arm?

Thus lowr'd the deathful cloud amid the blaze
Of Andre's rising hopes—and quench'd their rays!
Ah fatal embassy!—thy hazards dire
His kindling soul with ev'ry ardor fire;
Great Clinton gives it to the courage prov'd,
And the known wisdom of the friend he lov'd.

As fair Euryalus, to meet his fate,
With Nysus rushes from the Dardan gate,

Relentless Fate! whose fury scorns to spare
The snowy breast, red lip, and shining hair,
So polish'd Andrè launches on the waves,
Where *Hudson's tide its dreary confine laves.
With firm intrepid foot the youth explores
Each dangerous pathway of the hostile shores;
But on no veteran-chief his step attends,
As silent round the gloomy wood he wends;
Alone he meets the brave repentant foe,
Sustains his late resolve, receives his vow,
With ardent skill directs the doubtful course,
Seals the firm bond, and ratifies its force.

'Tis thus, America, thy generals fly,
And wave new banners in their native sky!
Sick of the mischiefs artful Gallia pours,
In friendly semblance on thy ravag'd shores.

* *Hudson's tide.*—Major Andrè came up the Hudson river to meet General Arnold. On his return by Land he fell into the hands of the Enemy.

Unnatural compact!—shall a race of slaves
Sustain the ponderous standard Freedom waves?
No! while their feign'd protection spreads the toils,
The vultures hover o'er the destined spoils!
How fade provincial glories, while ye run
To court far deeper bondage than ye shun!
Is this the generous active rising flame,
That boasted Liberty's immortal name,
Blaz'd for its rights infringed, its trophies torn,
And taught the wise the dire mistake to mourn,
When haughty Britain, in a luckless hour,
With rage inebriate, and the lust of pow'r,
To fruitless conquests, and to countless graves,
Led her gay legions o'er the western waves?
The fiend of Discord, cow'ring at the prow,
Sat darkly smiling at th' impending woe!

Long did my soul the wretched strife survey,
And wept the horrors of the deathful day;

Thro' rolling years saw undecisive war
Drag bleeding Wisdom at his iron car;
Exhaust my country's treasure, pour her gore
In fruitless conflict on the distant shore;
Saw the firm Congress all her might oppose,
And while I mourn'd her fate, rever'd her foes.

But when, repentant of her prouder aim,
She gently waves your long disputed claim;
Extends the charter with your rights restor'd,
And hides in olive-wreaths the blood-stain'd sword;
Then to reject her peaceful wreaths, and throw
Your country's freedom to our mutual foe!—
Infatuate land!—from that detested day
Distracted councils, and the thirst of sway,
Rapacious avarice, superstition vile,
And all the *Frenchman* dictates in his guile,
Disgrace your Congress!—Justice drops the scale!
And radiant Liberty averts her sail!

They fly indignant the polluted plain,
Where truth is scorn'd, and mercy pleads in vain.

That she does plead in vain, thy witness bear,
Accursed hour!—thou darkest of the year!
That with misfortune's deadliest venom fraught,
To Tappan's wall the gallant Andrè brought.

O Washington! I thought thee great and good
Nor knew thy Nero-thirst for guiltless blood!
Severe to use the pow'r that Fortune gave,
Thou cool determin'd murderer of the brave!
Lost to each fairer virtue, that inspires
The genuine fervor of the patriot fires!
And you, the base abettors of the doom,
That sunk his blooming honours in the tomb,
Th' opprobious tomb your harden'd hearts decreed,
While all he ask'd, was as the brave to bleed!

Nor other boon the glorious youth implored
Save the cold mercy of the warrior-sword!
O dark and pitiless! your impious hate
O'er-whelm'd the hero in the ruffian's fate!
Stopt with the *felon-cord the rosy breath!
And venom'd with disgrace the darts of death!

Remorseless Washington! the day shall come
Of deep repentance for this barb'rous doom!
When injur'd Andrè's memory shall inspire
A kindling army with resistless fire;
Each falchion sharpen that the Briton's wield,
And lead their fiercest lion to the field!
Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,
When dubious dread, and unavailing flight

* *Felon-cord.*—"As I suffer in the defence of my country, I must consider this hour as the most glorious of my life.—Remember, that I die as becomes a British Officer, while the manner of my death must reflect disgrace on your Commander."—See Major Andrè's last words, inserted in the General Evening Post, for Tuesday, November 14th, 1780.

Impel your host, thy guilt upbraided soul
Shall wish untouch'd the sacred life you stole
And when thy heart appall'd, and vanquish'
Shall vainly ask the mercy they deny'd, [prid
With horror shalt thou meet the fate they gav
Nor pity gild the darkness of thy grave!
For infamy, with livid hand shall shed
Eternal mildew on the ruthless head!

Less cruel far than thou, on Ilium's plain
Achilles, raging for Patroclus slain!
When hapless Priam bends the aged knee,
To deprecate the victor's dire decree,
The nobler Greek, in melting pity spares
The lifeless Hector to his father's pray'rs,
Fierce as he was;—'tis cowards only know
Persisting vengeance o'er a fallen foe.

But no intreaty wakes the soft remorse
Oh murder'd Andrè! for thy sacred corse;

Vain were an army's, vain its leader's sighs!—
Damp in the earth on Hudson's shores it lies!
Unshrouded welters in the wint'ry storm,
And gluts the riot of the *Tappan-worm!
But oh! its dust, like Abel's blood, shall rise,
And call for justice from the angry skies!

What tho' the tyrants, with malignant pride,
To thy pale corse each decent rite deny'd!
Thy graceful limbs in no kind covert laid,
Nor with the Christian requiem sooth'd thy shade!
Yet on thy grass-green bier soft April-show'rs
Shall earliest wake the sweet spontaneous flow'rs! [there
Bid the blue hare-bell, and the snow-drop
Hang their cold cup, and drop the pearly tear!
And oft, at pensive eve's ambiguous gloom,
Imperial honour, bending o'er thy tomb,

* *Tappan.*—The place where Major Andrè was executed.

With solemn strains shall lull thy deep repose,
And with his deathless laurels shade thy brows!

Lamented youth! while with inverted spear
The British legions pour th' indignant tear!
Round the dropt arm the *funeral-scarf entwine,
And in their hearts' deep core thy worth enshrine;
While my weak muse, in fond attempt and vain,
But feebly pours a perishable strain,
Oh! ye distinguish'd few! whose glowing lays
Bright Phœbus kindles with his purest rays,
Snatch from its radiant source the living fire,
And light with †Vestal flame your ANDRE'S HALLOW'D PYRE!

* *Funeral-scarf.*—Our whole army in America went into mourning for Major Andrè, a distinguished tribute to his merit.

† *Vestal flame.*—The vestal fire was kept perpetually burning, and originally kindled from the rays of the Sun.

LETTERS

Addressed to the Author of the foregoing Poem, by Major Andrè, when he was a youth of Eighteen.

Clapton, October 3, 1769.

FROM their agreeable excursion to Shrewsbury, my dearest friends are by this time return'd to their thrice beloved Lichfield.—Once again have they beheld those fortunate *spires*, the constant witnesses of all their pains and pleasures. I can well conceive the emotions of joy which their first appearance, from the neighbouring hills, excites after absence;—they seem to welcome you home, and invite you to reiterate those hours of happiness, of which they are a species of monument. I shall have an eternal love and reverence for them.—Never shall I forget the joy that danced in Honora's

eyes, when she first shewed them to me from Needwood Forest, on our return with you from Buxton to Lichfield. I remember she called them the *Ladies of the Valley*—their lightness and elegance deserve the title. Oh! how I loved them from that instant! My enthusiasm concerning them is carried farther even than yours and Honora's, for every object that has a pyramidal form, recalls them to my recollection, with a sensation, that brings the tears of pleasure into my eyes.

How happy must you have been at Shrewsbury!—only that you tell me, alas! that dear Honora was not so well as you wished during your stay their. I always hope the best. My impatient spirit rejects every obtruding idea, which I have not fortitude enough to support.—Doctor Darwin's skill, and your tender care will remove that sad pain in her side, which makes writing troublesome and injurious to her; which robs her poor * *Cher Jean* of those precious pages, with

* A name of kindness, by which Mr. Andrè was often called by his mother and sisters, and generally adopted by the persons mentioned in these letters.

which, he flatters himself, she would otherwise have indulged him.

So your happiness at Shrewsbury scorned to be indebted to public amusements.—Five virgins—united in the soft bonds of friendship!—How I should have liked to have made the sixth!—But you surprise me by such an absolute exclusion of the beaus. I certainly thought that when five wise virgins were watching at midnight, it must have been in expectation of the bridegroom's coming. *We* are at this instant five virgins, writing round the same table—my three sisters, Mr. Ewer, and myself. I beg no reflections injurious to the honor of poor *Cher Jean*. My mother is gone to pay a visit, and has left us in possession of the old Coach; but as for nags, we can boast of only two long-tails, and my sisters say they are sorry cattle, being no other than my friend Ewer and myself, who, to say truth, have enormous pig-tails.

My dear Boissier is come to town;—he has brought a little of the soldier with him, but he is the same honest, warm, intelligent friend, I always found him. He

sacrifices the town diversions, since I will not partake of them.

We are jealous of your correspondents, who are so numerous.—Yet write to the Andrès often, my dear Julia, for who are they that will value your letters quite so much as we value them? The least scrap of a letter will be received with the greatest joy—write, therefore, tho' it were only to give us the comfort of having a piece of paper which has recently passed thro' your hands;—Honora will put in a little postcript, were it only to tell me, that she is *my very sincere friend*, who will neither give me love nor comfort—very short, indeed, Honora, was thy last postcript!—But I am too presumptuous;—I will not scratch out, but I *un*say.—From the little there *was*, I received more joy than I deserve.—This *Cher Jean* is an impertinent fellow, but he will grow discreet in time.—You must consider him as a poor novice of *eighteen*, who, for all the sins he may commit, is sufficiently punished in the single evil of being 120 miles from Lichfield.

My mother and sisters will go to Putney in a few days

to stay some time.—We none of us like Clapton.—I need not care, for I am all day long in town; but it is avoiding Scylla to fall into Charybdis.—You paint to me the pleasant vale of Stow in the richest autumnal colouring:—In return, I must tell you, that my zephyrs are wafted through cracks in the wainscot; for murmuring streams I have dirty kennels; for bleating flocks, grunting pigs; and squalling cats, for birds that incessantly warble.—I have said something of this sort in my letter to Miss Spearman, and am twinged with the idea of these epistles being confronted, and that I shall recall to your memory, the fat knight's love letters to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Julia, perhaps thou fanciest I am merry.—Alas!—But I do not wish to make you as doleful as myself; and besides, when I would express the tender feelings of my soul, I have no language which does them any justice; if I had, I should regret that you could not have it fresher, and that whatever one communicates by letter must go such a round-about way, before it reaches one's correspondent; from the writer's heart, thro' his head, arm, hand, pen, ink, paper, over many

a weary hill and dale, to the eye, head, and heart, of the reader. I have often regretted our not possessing a sort of faculty, which should enable our sensations, remarks, &c. to arise from their source, in a sort of exhalation, and fall upon our paper in words and phrases properly adapted to express them, without passing through an imagination whose operations so often fail to second those of the heart. Then what a metamorphose should we see in people's stile! How eloquent those who are truly attached! how stupid they, who falsely profess affection! Perhaps the former had never been able to express half their regard; while the latter, by their flowers of rhetoric, had made us believe a thousand times more than they ever felt—but this is whimsical moralizing.

My sisters' penserosos were dispersed on their arrival in town, by the joy of seeing Louisa and their dear little brother Billy again, our kind and excellent uncle Giradot, and uncle Lewis André. I was glad to see them, but they complained, not without reason, of the gloom upon my countenance.—Billy wept for joy that we were returned, while poor *Cher Jean* was ready to

weep for sorrow. Louisa is grown still handsomer since we left her. Our sisters, Mary and Anne, knowing your partiality to beauty, are afraid that when they shall introduce her to you, she will put their noses out of joint. Billy is not old enough for me to be afraid of in the rival way, else I should keep him aloof, for his heart is formed of those affectionate materials, so dear to the ingenuous taste of Julia and her Honora.

I sympathize in your resentment against the Canonical Dons, who stumpify the heads of those good green *people, beneath whose friendly shade so many of your happiest hours have glided away—but they defy them; let them stumpify as much as they please, Time will repair the mischief—their verdant arms will again extend, and invite you to their shelter.

The evenings grow long—I hope your conversation round the fire will sometimes fall on the Andrès; it will be a great comfort that they are remembered.—We chink our glasses to your healths at every meal.—

* The trees in the Cathedral walk in Lichfield.

Here's to our Lichfieldian friends, says Nanny;—Oh—h, says Mary;—with all my soul, say I;—alolns, cries my mother;—and the draught seems Nectar.—The libation made, we begin our uncloying theme, and so beguile the gloomy evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward will accept my most affectionate respects.—My male friend at Lichfield will join in your conversation on the Andrès. Among the numerous good qualities he is possessed of, he certainly has gratitude, and then he cannot forget those who so sincerely love and esteem him.—I, in particular, shall always recal with pleasure, the happy hours I have passed in his company. My friendship for him, and for your family, has diffused itself, like the precious ointment from Aaron's beard, on every thing which surrounds you, therefore I beg you would give my amitiès to the whole town.—Persuade Honora to forgive the length and ardour of the inclosed, and believe me truly,

Your affectionate and faithful friend,

J. ANDRÈ.

LETTER II.

London, October 19, 1769.

FROM the midst of books, papers, bills, and other implements of gain, let me lift up my drowsy head awhile to converse with dear Julia.—And first, as I know she has a fervent wish to see me a Quill-driver, I must tell her, that I begin, as people are wont to do, to look upon my future profession with great partiality. I no longer see it in so disadvantageous a light. Instead of figuring a merchant as a middle-aged man, with a bob wig, a rough beard, in snuff-coloured clothes, grasping a guinea in his red hand; I conceive a comely young man, with a tolerable pig-tail, wielding a pen with all the noble fierceness of the Duke of Marlborough brandishing a truncheon upon a sign-post, surrounded with types and emblems, and canopied with cornucopiæs that disembogue their stores upon his

head; Mercuries reclined upon bales of goods; Genii playing with pens, Ink, and paper;—while in perspective, his gorgeous vessels "launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames," are wafting to distant lands the produce of this commercial nation.—Thus all the mercantile glories croud on my fancy, emblazon'd in the most refulgent colouring of an ardent imagination.—Borne on her soaring pinions, I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labours with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me—I see orphans, and widows, and painters, and fidlers, and poets, and builders, protected and encouraged; and when the fabric is pretty nearly finished by my shattered pericranium, I cast my eyes around, and find John Andrè, by a small coal fire, in a gloomy Compting-house in Warnford Court, nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and, in all probability, never to be much more than he is at present.—But oh! my dear Honora!—it is for thy sake only I wish for wealth.—You say she was somewhat better at the time you wrote last. I must flatter myself, that she will soon be without any remains of this threatening disease.

It is seven o'clock.—You and Honora, with two or three more select friends, are now probably encircling your dressing-room fire-place.—What would I not give to enlarge that circle! The idea of a clean hearth, and a snug circle round it, formed by a few sincere friends, transports me. You seem combined together against the inclemency of the weather, the hurry, bustle, ceremony, censoriousness, and envy of the world. The purity, the warmth, the kindly influence of fire, to all for whom it is kindled, is a good emblem of the friendship of such amiable minds as Julia's and her Honora's.—Since I cannot be there in reality, pray imagine me with you; admit me to your conversationès; think how I wish for the blessing of joining them!—and be persuaded that I take part in all your pleasures, in the dear hope, that ere it be very long, your blazing hearth will burn again for me. Pray keep me a place; let the poker, tongs, or shovel, represent me;—but you have Dutch tiles, which are infinitely better; so let Moses, or Aaron, or Balaam's Ass, be my representative.

But time calls me to Clapton.—I quit you abruptly till to-morrow: when, if I do not tear the nonsense I

have been writing, I may perhaps increase its quantity. Signora Cynthia is in clouded majesty,—Silvered with her beams, I am about to jog to Clapton upon my own stumps.—Musing as I homeward plod my way—Ah! need I name the subject of my contemplations!

Thursday.

I had a sweet walk home last night, and found the Claptonians, with their fair guest, a Miss Mourgue, very well.—My sisters send their amitiès, and will write in a few days.

This morning I returned to town.—It has been the finest day imaginable.—A solemn mildness was diffused throughout the blue horizon;—its light was clear and distinct, rather than dazzling; the serene beams of the autumnal sun!—Gilded hills—variegated woods—glittering spires—ruminating herds—bounding flocks—all combined to enchant the eyes, expand the heart, and "chase all sorrow but despair."—In the midst of such a scene, no lesser grief can prevent our sympathy with nature.—A calmness, a benevolent disposition, seizes us with sweet insinuating power.—The very brute

creation seem sensible of these beauties;—there is a species of mild cheerfulness in the face of a lamb, which I have but indifferently expressed in a corner of my paper, and a demure contented look in an ox, which, in the fear of expressing still worse, I leave unattempted.

Business calls me away—I must dispatch my letter. Yet what does it contain? No matter; you like any thing better than news.—Indeed you never told me so, but I have an intuitive knowledge upon the subject, from the sympathy which I have constantly perceived in the taste of Julia and *Cher Jean*. What is it to you or me

> If here in the City we have nothing but riot,
> If the Spital-field weavers can't be kept quiet,
> If the weather is fine, or the streets should be dirty,
> Or if Mr. Dick Wilson died aged of thirty?

—But if I was to hearken to the versifying grumbling I feel within me, I should fill my paper, and not have room left to intreat that you would plead my cause to Honora more eloquently than the enclosed letter has the power of doing.—Apropos of verses, you desire me to recollect my random description of the engaging

appearance of the charming Mrs. ———. Here it is, at your service—

> Then rustling and bustling the lady comes down,
> With a flaming red face, and a broad yellow gown,
> And a hobbling out of breath gait, and a frown.

This little French cousin of ours, Delarise, was my sister Mary's play-fellow at Paris. His sprightliness engages my sisters extremely. Doubtless they talk much of him to you in their letters.

How sorry I am to bid you adieu! Oh let me not be forgot by the friends most dear to you at Lichfield!—*Lichfield!* Ah! of what magic letters is that little word composed!—How graceful it looks when it is written! Let nobody talk to me of its original meaning, *"The

* Field of blood.—Here is a small mistake.—Lichfield is not the field of blood, but "the field of dead bodies," alluding to a battle fought between the Romans and the British Christians, in the Dioclesian Persecution, when the latter were massacred.—Three slain kings, with their burying-place, now Barrowcop-hill, and the Cathedral in miniature, form the City Arms. LICH is still a word in use. The Church-yard Gates, through which funerals pass, are often called Lich-gates, vulgarly Light-gates.

field of blood!" Oh! no such thing!—It is the field of joy! "The beautiful City, that lifts her fair head in the valley, and says, I *am*, and there is none beside me!"—Who says she is vain?—Julia will not say so—nor yet Honora—and least of all, their devoted

JOHN ANDRÈ.

LETTER III.

Clapton, November 1, 1769.

MY ears still ring with the sounds of Oh Jack! Oh Jack! How do the dear Lichfieldians?—What do they say?—What are they about?—What did *you* do while you were with them?—Have patience, said I, good people!—and began my story, which they devoured with as much joyful avidity, as Adam did Gabriel's tidings of heaven.—My mother and sisters are all very well, and delighted with their little Frenchman, who is a very agreeable lad.

Surely you applaud the fortitude with which I left you! Did I not come off with flying colours? It was a great effort, for, alas! this recreant heart did *not second* the smiling courage of the *countenance;* nor is it yet as it ought to be, from the hopes it may reasonably

entertain of seeing you all again, ere the winter's dreary hours are past.—Julia, my dear Julia, gild them with tidings of our beloved Honora!—Oh that you may be enabled to tell me, that she regains her health and her charming vivacity!—Your sympathizing heart partakes all the joys and pains of your friends.—Never can I forget its kind offices, which were of such moment to my peace!—*Mine* is formed for friendship, and I am blest in being able to place so *well* the purest passion of an ingenuous mind!—How am I honored in Mr. and Mrs. Seward's attachment to me!—Charming were the anticipations which beguiled the long tracts of hill and dale, and plain, that divide London from Lichfield!—With what delight my eager eyes *drank* the first view of the dear spires!—What rapture did I not feel on entering your gates!—in flying up the hall steps!—in rushing into the dining room!—in meeting the gladdened eyes of dear Julia and her enchanting friend!—That instant convinced me of the truth of Rousseau's observation, "that there are moments worth ages."—Shall not those moments return? Ah Julia! the cold hand of absence is heavy upon the heart of your poor *Cher Jean*. He is forced to hammer

into it perpetually, every consoling argument that the magic wand of hope can conjure up; viz. that every moment of industrious absence advances his journey, you know whither.—I may sometimes make excursions to Lichfield, and bask in the light of my Honora's eyes!—Sustain me hope!—nothing on my part shall be wanting which may induce thee to *fulfill* thy blossoming promises.

The happy social circle, Julia, Honora, Miss S——n, Miss B——n, her brother, Mr. S——e, Mr. R——n, &c. &c. are now, perhaps, enlivening your dressing room, the dear *blue region*, as Honora calls it, with the sensible observation, the tasteful criticism, or the elegant song;—dreading the iron-tongue of the nine-o'clock bell, which disperses the beings, whom friendship and kindred virtues have drawn together,—My imagination attaches itself to *all*, even the *inanimate* objects which surround Honora and her Julia;—that have beheld their graces and virtues expand and ripen;—my dear Honora's from their infant bud.

The sleepy Claptonian train are gone to bed, somewhat wearied with their excursion to Enfield, whither they have this day carried their favorite little Frenchman; so *great* a favorite, the parting was quite tragical. I walked hither from town, as usual, to night—no hour of the twenty-four is so precious to me as that devoted to this solitary walk.—Oh, my Friend! I am far from possessing the patient frame of mind which I so continually invoke!—Why is Lichfield an hundred and twenty miles from me?—There is no *moderation* in the distance!—Fifty or sixty miles had been a great deal too much, but *then*, there would have been less opposition from *authority* to my frequent visits.—I conjure you, supply the wants of these blessings by frequent *letters*.—I must not, will not, ask them of Honora, since the use of the pen is forbid to her declining health; I will content myself, as usual, with a postscript from her in your epistles. My sisters are charmed with the packet which arrived yesterday, and which they will answer soon.

As yet I have said nothing of our journey. We met an entertaining Irish gentlemen at Dunchurch, and,

being fellow-sufferers in cold and hunger, joined interests, ordered four horses, and stuffed three in a chaise. It is not to *you*, I need apologize for talking in raptures of a Higler whom we met on our road. His cart had passed us, and was at a considerable distance, when, looking back, he perceived that our chaise had stopped, and that the Driver seemed mending something. He ran up to him, and with a face full of honest anxiety, pity, good-nature, and every sweet affection under Heaven, asked him if we wanted any thing; that he had plenty of nails, ropes, &c. in his cart. That wretch of a Postillion made no other reply than, "We want nothing master." From the same impulse, the good Irishman, Mr. Till, and myself, thrust our heads instantly out of the chaise, and tried to recompence to the honest creature this surly reply, by every kind and grateful acknowledgment, and by forcing upon him a little pecuniary tribute. My benevolence will be the warmer, while I live, for the treasured remembrance of this Higler's countenance.

I know you interest yourself in my destiny.—I have now completely subdued my aversion to the profession

of a Merchant, and hope in time to acquire an inclination for it.—Yet, God forbid I should ever love what I am to make the object of my attention!—that vile trash, which I care not for, but only as it may be the future means of procuring the blessing of my soul.—Thus all my mercantile calculations go to the tune of dear Honora.—When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear, that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant, I draw my Honora's picture from my bosom, and the sight of that dear talisman so inspirits my industry, that no toil appears oppressive.

The poetic task you set me is in a sad method—my head and heart are too full of other matters to be engrossed by a draggle-tailed wench of the Heliconian puddle.

I am going to try my interest in Parliament—How you stare!—it is to procure a frank. Be so good to give the enclosed to Honora;—*it* will speak to *her*—and do *you* say every thing that is kind for me to every *other* distinguished friend of the dressing room circle—encourage them in their obliging desire of scribbling in

your letters, but do not let them take Honora's corner of the sheet.

Adieu! May you all possess that cheerfulness denied to your *Cher Jean.* I fear it hurts my mother to see my musing moods—but I can neither help nor overcome them.—The near hopes of another excursion to Lichfield, could alone disperse every gloomy vapour of my imagination.

Again, and yet again adieu!

JOHN ANDRÈ.

ELEGY

ON

CAPTAIN COOK.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

An Ode to the Sun.

BY

MISS SEWARD.

THE THIRD EDITION.

AN

ELEGY

ON

CAPTAIN COOK.

SORROWING, the Nine beneath yon blasted yew
Shed the bright drops of Pity's holy dew;
Mute are their tuneful tongues, extinct their fires;
Yet not in silence sleep their silver lyres;
To the bleak gale they vibrate sad and slow,
In deep accordance to a nation's woe.

Ye, who ere while for COOK'S illustrious brow
Pluck'd the green laurel, and the oaken bough,

Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,
And pour'd his fame along a thousand shores,
Strike the slow death-bell!—weave the sacred
verse,
And strew the cypress o'er his honor'd hearse;
In sad procession wander round the shrine,
And weep him mortal, whom ye sung divine!

Say first, what Pow'r inspir'd his dauntless
breast
With scorn of danger, and inglorious rest,
To quit imperial London's gorgeous plains,
Where, rob'd in thousand tints, bright Pleasure
reigns;
In cups of summer-ice her nectar pours, [bow'rs?
And twines, 'mid wint'ry snows, her roseate
Where beauty moves with undulating grace,
Calls the sweet blush to wanton o'er her face,
On each fond youth her soft artillery tries,
Aims her light smile, and rolls her frolic eyes?

What Pow'r inspired his dauntless breast to brave
The scorch'd Equator, and th'Antarctic wave?
Climes, where fierce suns in cloudless ardors shine,
And pour the dazzling deluge round the line;
The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise,
'Mid the pale summer of the polar skies?—
IT WAS HUMANITY!—on coasts unknown,
The shiv'ring natives of the frozen zone,
And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays
"Where Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,"
She bade him seek;—on each inclement shore
Plant the rich seeds of her exhaustless store;
Unite the savage hearts and hostile hands,
In the firm compact of her gentle bands,
Strew her soft comforts o'er the barren plain,
Sing her sweet lays, and consecrate her fane.

IT WAS HUMANITY!—O nymph divine!
I see thy light step print the burning line!
There thy bright eye the dubious pilot guides,
The faint oar struggling with the scalding tides
On as thou lead'st the bold, the glorious prow,
Mild, and more mild, the sloping sun-beams glow,
Now weak and pale the lessen'd lustres play,
As round th' horizon rolls the timid day;
Barb'd with the sleeted snow, the driving hail,
Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale;
And thro' the dim, unvaried, ling'ring hours,
Wide o'er the wave, incumbent horror low'rs.

From the rude summit of yon frozen steep,
Contrasting glory gilds the dreary deep! [grace,
Lo!—deck'd with vermeil youth and beamy
Hope in her step, and gladness in her face,
Light on the icy rock, with out-stretched hands,
The Goddess of the new Columbus stands.

Round her bright head, the plumy *Peterels soar,
Blue as her robe, that sweeps the frozen shore;
Glows her soft cheek, as vernal mornings fair,
And warm as summer suns her golden hair;
O'er the hoar waste her radiant glances stream,
And courage kindles in their magic beam.
She points the ship its mazy path, to thread
† The floating fragments of the frozen bed.

* *Peterels soar,*—The peterel is a bird found in the frozen seas; its neck and tail are white, and its wings of a bright blue.

† *The floating fragments.*—"In the course of the last twenty-four hours, we passed through several fields of broken ice; they were in general narrow, but of considerable extent. In one part the pieces of ice were so close, that the ship had much difficulty to *thread* them."

While o'er the deep, in many a dreadful
form,
The giant Danger howls along the storm,
Furling the * iron sails with numbed hands,
Firm on the deck the great adventurer stands;
Round glitt'ring mountains hears the billows
rave,
And the † vast ruin thunder o'er the wave.—
Appall'd he hears!—but checks the rising sigh,
And turns on his firm band a glist'ning eye.—
Not for himself the sighs unbidden break,
Amid the terrors of the icy wreck;
Not for himself starts the impassion'd tear,
Congealing as it falls;—nor pain, nor fear,

* *Furling the iron sails.*—"Our sails and rigging were so frozen, that they seemed plates of iron."

† *And the vast ruin.*—The breaking of one of these immense mountains of ice, and the prodigious noise it made, is particularly described in Cook's second voyage to the south pole.

Nor Death's dread darts, impede the great design,
* 'Till Nature draws the circumscribing line.
Huge rocks of ice th' arrested ship embay,
And bar the gallant wanderer's dangerous way.
His eye regretful marks the goddess turn
Th' assiduous prow from its relentless bourn.

And now antarctic Zealand's drear domain
Frowns and o'erhangs th' inhospitable main.
On its chill beach this dove of human-kind
For his long-wandering foot short rest shall find,
Bear to the coast † the olive-branch in vain,
And quit on wearied wing the hostile plain.—

* *'Till Nature.*—"After running four leagues this course, with the ice on our starboard side, we found ourselves quite embayed, the ice extending from north-north-east, round by the west and south to east, in one compact body; the weather was tolerably clear, yet we could see no end to it."

† *The olive-branch.*—"To carry a green branch in the hand on landing, is a pacific signal, universally understood by all the islanders in the South Seas."

With jealous low'r the frowning natives view
The stately vessel, and th'advent'rous crew;
Nor fear the brave, nor emulate the good,
But scowl with savage thirst of human blood!

And yet there were, who in this iron clime
Soar'd o'er the herd on virtue's wing sublime;
Rever'd the stranger-guest, and smiling strove
To soothe his stay with hospitable love;
Fann'd in full confidence the friendly flame,
Join'd plighted hands, and * name exchang'd for name.
To these the hero leads † his living store,
And pours new wonders on th'uncultur'd shore;

* *And name exchang'd.*—The exchange of names is a pledge of amity among these islanders, and was frequently proposed by them to Captain Cook and his people; so also is the joining noses.

† *His living store.*—Captain Cook left various kinds of animals upon this coast, together with garden-

The silky fleece, fair fruit, and golden grain;
And future herds and harvests bless the plain.
O'er the green soil his kids exulting play,
And sounds his clarion loud the bird of day;
The downy goose her ruffled bosom laves,
Trims her white wing, and wantons in the waves,
Stern moves the bull along th'affrighted shores,
And countless nations tremble as he roars.

So when the daughter of eternal Jove,
And ocean's God, to bless their Athens strove,
The massy trident, with gigantic force [horse;
Cleaves the firm earth—and gives the stately
He paws the ground, impatient of the rein,
Shakes his high front, and thunders o'er the plain

seeds, &c. The Zealanders had hitherto subsisted upon fish, and such coarse vegetables as their climate produced; and this want of better provision, it is supposed, induced them to the horrid practice of eating human flesh.

Then wisdom's Goddess plants the embryon seed,
And bids new foliage shade the sultry mead;
'Mid the pale green the tawny olives shine,
And famish'd thousands bless the hand divine.

Now the warm solstice o'er the shining bay,
Darts from the north its mild meridian ray;
Again the chief invokes the rising gale,
And spreads again in desart seas the sail;
O'er dangerous shoals his steady steerage keeps,
O'er * walls of coral, ambush'd in the deeps;

* *Walls of coral.*—The coral rocks are described as rising perpendicularly from the greatest depths of the ocean, insomuch that the sounding-line could not reach their bottom; and yet they were but just covered with water.—These rocks are now found to be fabricated by sea-insects.

Strong Labour's hands the crackling cordage twine,
And * sleepless Patience heaves the sounding line.

On a lone beach a † rock-built temple stands,
Stupendous pile! unwrought by mortal hands;
Sublime the ponderous turrets rise in air,
And the wide roof basaltic columns bear;
Thro' the long aisles the murm'ring tempests blow,
And Ocean chides his dashing waves below.
From this fair fane, along the silver sands,
Two sister-virgins wave their snowy hands;

* *And sleepless Patience.*—"We had now passed several months with a man constantly in the chain, heaving the lead."

† *A rock-built temple.*—"On one part of this isle there was a solitary rock, rising on the coast with arched cavities, like a majestic temple."

First * gentle Flora—round her smiling brow
Leaves of new forms, and flow'rs uncultur'd glow;
Thin folds of † vegetable silk, behind,
Shade her white neck, and wanton in the wind;
Strange sweets, where'er she turns, perfume the glades,
And fruits unnam'd adorn the bending shades.

* *First gentle Flora.*—Flora is the Goddess of modern Botany, and Fauna of modern Zoology: hence the pupils of Linnæus, call their books, *Flora Anglica*—*Fauna Danica, &c.*—"The Flora of one of these islands contained thirty new plants."

† *Vegetable silk.*—In New Zealand is a flag of which the natives make their nets and cordage. The fibres of this vegetable are longer and stronger than our hemp and flax; and some, manufactured in London, is as white and glossy as fine silk. This valuable vegetable will probably grow in our climate.

Next Fauna treads, in youthful beauty's pride,
A *playful kangroo bounding by her side;
Around the nymph her beauteous † Pois display,
Their varied plumes, and trill the dulcet lay;
A ‡ giant-bat, with leathern wings outspread,
Umbrella light, hangs quiv'ring o'er her head.

* *A playful kangroo.*—The kangroo is an animal peculiar to those climates. It is perpetually jumping along on its hind legs, its fore legs being too short to be used in the manner of other quadrupeds.

† *Beauteous Pois.*—"The poi-bird, common in those countries, has feathers of a fine mazarine blue, except those of the neck, which are of a beautiful silver grey, and two or three short white ones, which are in the pinion-joint of the wing. Under its throat hang two little tufts of curled white feathers, called its *poies*, which, being the Otaheitan word for ear-rings, occasioned our giving that name to the bird; which is not more remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, than for the exquisite melody of its note."

‡ *A giant-bat.*—The bats which Captain Cook saw in some of these countries were of incredible dimensions, measuring three feet and an half in breadth when their wings were extended.

As o'er the cliff her graceful steps she bends,
On glitt'ring wing her insect-train attends,
With diamond-eye her scaly tribe survey,
Their goddess-nymph, and gambol in the spray.

With earnest gaze, the still enamoured crew
Mark the fair forms; and, as they pass, pursue;
But round the steepy rocks, and dangerous strand,
Rolls * the white surf, and shipwreck guards the land.

So, when of old, Sicilian shores along,
Enchanting Syrens trill'd th' alluring song,
Bound to the mast, the charm'd Ulysses hears,
And drinks the sweet tones with insatiate ears;

* *Rolls the white surf.*—"As we passed this island, many of its trees had an unusual appearance, and the richness of the vegetation, much invited our naturalists to land; but their earnest wishes were in vain, from the dangerous reefs, and the violence of the surfs."

Strains the strong cords, upbraids the prosp'-
rous gale,
And sighs, as Wisdom spreads the flying sail.

Now leads HUMANITY the destined way,
Where all the Loves in Otaheite stray:
To bid the Arts disclose their wond'rous pow'rs,
To bid the Virtues consecrate the bow'rs,
She gives her hero to its blooming plain.—
Nor has he wander'd, has he bled in vain!
His lips persuasive charm th' uncultur'd youth,
Teach Wisdom's lore, and point the path of
Truth.
See! * chasten'd love in softer glances flows,
See! with new fires parental duty glows.

* *Chasten'd love.*—Captain Cook observes in his second voyage, that the women of Otaheite were grown more modest, and that the barbarous practice of destroying their children was lessened.

Thou smiling Eden of the southern wave,
Could not, alas! thy grateful wishes save
That angel-goodness, which had bless'd thy plain?—
Ah! vain thy gratitude, thy wishes vain!
On a far distant, and remorseless shore,
Where human fiends their dire libations pour;
Where treachery hov'ring o'er the blasted heath,
Poises, with ghastly smile, the darts of death,
Pierc'd by their venom'd points, your favorite bleeds,
And on his limbs the lust of hunger feeds!

Thus when, of old, the Muse-born Orpheus bore
Fair arts and virtues to the Thracian shore;
Struck with sweet energy the warbling wire,
And pour'd persuasion from th' immortal lyre;

As soften'd brutes, the waving woods among,
Bow'd their meek heads, and listen'd to the song;
Near, and more near, with rage and tumult loud,
Round the bold bard th' inebriate maniacs croud.—
Red on th' ungrateful soil his life-blood swims,
And fiends and furies tear his quiv'ring limbs!

Gay Eden of the south, thy tribute pay,
And raise, in pomp of woe, thy COOK'S *Morai!

*Morai.—The Morai is a kind of funeral altar, which the people of Otaheite raise to the memory of their deceased friends. They bring to it a daily tribute of fruits, flowers, and the plumage of birds. The chief mourner wanders around it in a state of apparent distraction, shrieking furiously, and striking at intervals, a shark's tooth into her head. All people fly her, as she aims at wounding not only herself, but others.

Bid mild Omiah bring his choicest stores,
The juicy fruits, and the luxuriant flow'rs;
Bring the bright plumes, that drink the torrid ray,
And strew each lavish spoil on Cook's Morai!

Come Oberea, hapless fair one! come,
With piercing shrieks bewail thy hero's doom!
She comes!—she gazes round with dire survey!
Oh! fly the mourner on her frantic way.
See! see! the pointed ivory wounds that head
Where late the Loves impurpl'd roses spread;
Now stain'd with gore, her raven-tresses flow,
In ruthless negligence of mad'ning woe;
Loud she laments!—and long the nymph shall stray,
With wild unequal step round Cook's Morai!

But ah!—aloft on Albion's rocky steep,
That frowns incumbent o'er the boiling deep,

Solicitous and sad, a softer form
Eyes the lone flood, and deprecates the storm.
Ill-fated matron!—for, alas! in vain
Thy eager glances wander o'er the main!—
'Tis the vex'd billows, that insurgent rave,
Their white foam silvers yonder distant wave,
'Tis not his sails!—thy husband comes no more!
His bones now whiten an accursed shore!—
Retire, for hark! the sea-gull shrieking soars,
The lurid atmosphere portentous low'rs;
Night's sullen spirit groans in ev'ry gale,
And o'er the waters draws the darkling veil,
Sighs in thy hair, and chills thy throbbing breast,
Go, wretched mourner! weep thy griefs to rest!

Yet, tho' through life is lost each fond delight,
Tho' set thy earthly sun in dreary night,
Oh! raise thy thoughts to yonder starry plain,
And own thy sorrow selfish, weak, and vain;

Since, while Britannia, to his virtues just,
Twines the bright wreath, and rears th' immortal bust;
While on each wind of heav'n his fame shall rise,
In endless incense to the smiling skies;
THE ATTENDANT POWER, that bade his sails expand,
And waft her blessing to each barren land,
Now raptur'd bears him to th' immortal plains,
Where Mercy hails him with congenial strains,
Where soars, on Joy's white plume, his spirit free,
And angels choir him, while he waits for THEE.

AN

ODE TO THE SUN.

I.

LORD of the Planets! in their course
Thro' the long tracts of never-ceasing day,
Who to their orbs, with matchless force,
Bendest their rapid, wild, reluctant way;
Tho' midst the vast and glitt'ring maze
Of countless worlds, that round thee blaze,
Small, dim, and cold, our little Earth appears,
Thy life-enkindling light she shares:
From the chill Pole's far-shining mountains frore,
To sandy Afric's sultry shore,

Wide o'er her plains thy living lustre stream,
In Lapland's long pale day, and swart Numidia's beam.

II.

For her, with delegated right,
Thy virgin-sister in thy absence shines,
Throws her soft robe of snowy light
O'er sullen Night's opake and shadowy shrines;
Thy watchful centinel, she reigns
Controller of the wat'ry plains,
Onward her silver arm the Ocean guides,
Or dashes back the impetuous tides.
But thou, on the green wave's capacious bed,
Hast light, and life, and gladness shed,
Thro' liquid mountains, as they roll,
Darting the beauteous beam, the vivifying soul.

III.

That paints the shell's meand'ring mould,
Or spots the twinkling fin with gold;

That gives the diamond's eye to blaze
With all thy bright and arrowy rays.—
Low in the billowy hold,
Where the mighty whales are straying,
And the burnish'd dolphins playing,
There, with tremulous light, thou charmest
Nations basking in thy gleam;
And e'en there thy earth thou warmest
With thy mild prolific beam:
From the dwarf coral, with his vermeil horns,
Or sea-moss, matted round her briny caves,
To the broad oak, that Albion's cliff adorns,
And bears her sons triumphant o'er the waves;
Each stem, root, leaf, fair fruit, and flowret bright,
Lustre and fragrance drink from thy all-cheering
light.

IV.

Remov'd from its more ardent ray,
In grassy Albion's deep umbrageous vales,

Thou bid'st them bloom in soft array,
And breathe sweet incence on her vernal gales.
Thy red Morn blushes on her shores,
And liquid gems profusely pours;
Thy gay Noon glows with unoppressive beams,
And glitters on her winding streams;
Thy modest Evening draws the deep'ning shades
O'er her green hills, and bowery glades,
Till the fair Months, with faded charms,
Shrink in the chilly grasp of Winter's icy arms.

V.

But this highly-favoured year,
From thee with gifts peculiar sprung;
At thy command Autumna fair
Her golden vest o'er shiv'ring Winter flung;
And bid him his pale ling'ring hours
Gaily deck with fragrant flow'rs;
For his hoar brow matur'd the Violet wreath,
From his wan lip bid Pleasure breathe;

No more he blasts the plain, or warps the tide,
But throw his iron rod aside,
His soften'd gale serenely blows,
'Till with Italia's charms hybernal Albion glows.

VI.

Great Sun! like thee, with effluence bright,
Rich source of intellectual light,
Benign Humanity appears,
From Sorrow shielding, and from cares,
And Poverty's sad blight.
Genius hails thee, Pow'r propitious!
Ripening in thy smile auspicious;
Light divine! thy bounty streaming
* Consecrates this destin'd ground,
On the vase thy lustre beaming,
" Inspiration breathes around."

* It must be remembered, that this is a charitable as well as a poetical institution.

The nobler pleasures of the moral world
From this internal radiance gently flow,
As when, O Sun! thy Summer-beams are hurl'
And Air, Earth, Ocean, all exulting glow.—
Great Sun! with plenty ever bless these plains,
Where Genius strikes the Lyre, and soft-eyed
Mercy reigns!

SYMPATHY,

A

POEM.

With NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY MR. PRATT.

THE TENTH EDITION.

Introduction.

THE Reader is requested to consider the following Poem as a SKETCH, and only a sketch, of the Sympathetic Principle, or Social Principle, applied first to the Author's particular situation, and thence extended more generally, as influencing the whole animal creation.

Upon visiting the villa of a friend, and finding it deserted by a family extremely dear to the Author, he experienced precisely the sensations he has endeavoured to describe. It was natural for him to pass beyond his own case, and contemplate that of others under similar

circumstances. The fairest productions of animated nature were before him. They occupied the same spot. He was in the midst of them. His heart dilated. If, as seems to be admitted, a virtuous enthusiasm be necessary to the proper enjoyment of such scenery, the Critic of Nature will hardly know how to be offended, though he should find that enough of this has stolen into the subject, to occasion effusions, which, if closely examined when the mind is cold, may be not altogether in strict connection.

It were easy to have thrown out some sentiments not quite in keeping with the theme; but, zealous to prove the powers of Universal Sympathy, the writer felt the solicitudes of a Philanthropist united with those of an Author. Of course, what had any chance of cementing the social affections, was too precious to be omitted.

To the AUTHOR of SYMPATHY.

WHAT son of Phœbus strikes the heavenly lyre,
With sweetest strains of Nature and of Art?
What sounds that sacred harmony inspire,
Strike on the ear, and vibrate through the heart?
While this new candidate for virtuous fame,
Like a coy lover, hides the secret flame,
Enjoys the plaudits, and conceals his name?

Hear'st thou, my Clio?—Heav'n-descended Muse,
Let not this laurel'd Chief remain unknown;
Though modest merit should the praise refuse,
Assert thy Poet, and his temples crown;
O! should a lay like this be sung in vain?
Or should the sweetest swan conceal'd remain,
While many a goose loud gabbles o'er the plain?

Within each gen'rous heart, his song enshrin'd,
Shall rouse the social passions to a tear;
Shall wake to Sympathy each feeling mind,
And blend Love's rosy smile with Pity's tear.
Then, Clio, tell with pride thy Poet's name,
Freed from the fears of Envy's dart or blame,
And let th' admiring world thy Bard proclaim.

CLARA REEVE.*

WRITTEN ON THE LAST LEAF OF THE CORRECTED COPY OF "SYMPATHY."

MACTE virtute esto, Patrone Pauperum elegantissime, miseriarum inurbanarum Pictor urbanissime, in quo reviviscit Goldsmithius. Pulchrè, φιλεθυμε, cogitas, et cogitata pulcherrimè loqueris. Nempe diceret Quintillianus,

* To whom the public is indebted for the Old English Baron, and many other ingenious publications.

quòd in hoc tuo Poemate optima verba rebus optimis cohærent. Non verbum amplius addam.

Vive, vale!

J. M. Birmingham.

SONNET

To the AUTHOR of SYMPATHY. 1803.

IN * happier days I listen'd to thy lyre,
Bower'd in paternal shades, to memory sweet.
The strains that waken'd Love and chaste desire,
'Mid the light dance, and mirth with twinkling feet,
Fain would I welcome once again, beguil'd
By thy symphonious numbers. Yet in vain
I trace poetic forms through Fancy's wild,
Here, where no haunts familiar to the child,
No favourite brook remurmuring in my ear,

* Alluding to a former sonnet addressed to the same author.

No green wood whispering sooths the sense of pain!
And, while, at distance seen, the vivid train
Of pleasures thrill my fluttering heart no more,
O PRATT! can e'en thy "SYMPATHY" restore
Life's opening bloom, or call back youth again?

R. POLEWHELE.

To the AUTHOR of SYMPATHY,
A POEM.

ON Scar's lov'd banks, a stream unknown to fame,
That wildly winds this tangled dell along,
Where oft I feel the Muse's hallow'd flame,
And glow enraptur'd with her Attic song;

And oft her awful high-wrought strains recall,
As o'er the stage in tragic robe she sweeps,
With terror fraught the shuddering soul t'appal,
Whilst Pity, soften'd with her sorrows, weeps:

For Avon's Bard this chaplet let me twine,
Culling one branch from her immortal wreath!
For, tender Bard, impassion'd HEART is thine,
And THOUGHTS that warm from social feel-
[ing breathe:
Vivid and bright as thy ideas glow,
[parts,
Thy magic verse th' enlivening flame im-
From thee to us the strong emotions flow,
And, ere aware, we feel them in our hearts.

E'en those who read but to amuse the hour
Catch from thy page sensations more refin'd;
And, sweet Enthusiast, wonder at thy pow'r,
Which so expands their souls to all mankind.

Go then, in Virtue's cause the passions move,
And SELF to gen'rous-glowing SOCIAL raise;
Be this thy meed, the good and wise approve,
And BEATTIE'S sanction ratifies the praise.

R. POTTER.

SYMPATHY.

BOOK I.

O'ER yon fair lawn, where oft in various talk
The fav'ring Muses join'd our evening walk,
Up yonder hill that rears its crest sublime,
Oft were we wont, with gradual steps to climb,
To hear the lark her earliest matin sing,
And woo the dew-bath'd zephyrs on the wing.

Fast by yon shed, of roots and verdure made,
How oft we paus'd, companions of the shade,
In yonder cot, just seated on the brow, [low!
Whence, unobserv'd, we view'd the world be-

Well pleas'd, we cull'd fit objects for our song
From land or ocean, widely stretch'd along:
The morning vapours, passing through the vale
The distant turret, or the lessening sail,
The pointed cliff, which overhangs the main,
The breezy upland, or the opening plain,
The misty traveller, yet dimly seen,
And every hut which neighbours on the green
Or down yon foot-way we explored the stream
Whose little rills ran tinkling to the theme,
Which seem'd to sympathize with Hammond'
Or lapse responsive to the lyre of Gray; [lay
O'er these dear bounds, *like one forlorn,
roam, [home
O'er these dear bounds, I fondly call'd my

And yet to touch me various powers combine,
Where summer revels with a warmth divine;

* Langford Court, in Somersetshire, the seat of the Rev. Mr. WHALLEY.

The glowing season here each charm supplies,
From earth's rich harvest, crown'd with cloud-
less skies,
Or future plenty bursting through the grain,
From golden sheaves, that circle round the
swain.

Here as I stop, beneath Eliza's tree,
Far, oh belov'd associate! far from thee,
Some little CHANGE thy absence to declare
I pray to find, and friendship forms the pray'r:
Less bright the sun-beams, or less soft the
show'rs,
Some essence wanting to the fruits or flow'rs:
Those fruits and flow'rs, alas! more ripe appear,
And the lawn smiles as tho' my friend were
here;
From the soft myrtle brighter blossoms spring,
In mellower notes the plumy people sing.

Near yonder church, where we retir'd to pray,
The good man's modest cottage I survey;
Our pious Pastor, who each sabbath taught
The listening rustic's noblest reach of thought:
That modest cottage, and its garden, still
Seek the soft shelter of the friendly hill;
The column'd smoke still curl'd its wreaths around,
And not one lessened beauty marks the bound.

As near yon bower with pensive steps I go,
To view the shrubs your culture taught to grow,
The fair exotics boast a happier bloom
Than when their patron shar'd the rich perfume:
The orange still its tawny lustre shows,
The late rose reddens, and the balsam blows;
While, roving o'er the hedge, the woodbine fair
Embalms with heaven's own essence heaven's own air;

Not softer and not sweeter flew the gale,
When we together trod this blooming vale;
When, far beyond the busy world's control,
Nature our guide, we open'd all the soul.

Whence this neglect? say, in thy lov'd domain,
Where all the virtues in thy presence reign;
Where, gathering round thee, youth and age conspire,
While some as brother court thee, some as sire;
Where all the social passions fondly blend,
To give the smiling neighbourhood a friend;
Where somewhat of thy gentle heart is seen,
A grace, or goodness, adding to the green;
Where the babe lisps thy bounties on the knee,
And second childhood leans its crutch on thee.
Whence this neglect? Ingratitude, retreat!
Go: and in shades less sacred fix thy seat:

Go to the treach'rous world, thy proper sphere
But, oh! forbear to scatter poisons here:
About this dwelling, and these harmless bounds
Friendship and Love alone should take their rounds,
Fair as the blossoms which the walls sustain,
Rich as the fruits, and generous as the grain;
Secure as yonder warblers nesting near,
Like Honour steady, and like Faith sincere.

But soft, my friend! Tho' shrubs and bowers remain
The fix'd productions of th' unconscious plain;
Though these no gentle sympathies can know,
But, as the planter bends them, learn to grow;
To higher parts as Nature lifts her plan,
The kinder creatures, haply feel for man;
The tame domestics which attend his board
Haply partake the fortune of their lord,

His presence hail, his absence long deplore,
Droop as he droops, and die when he's no more.

Pleas'd at the thought, still onward let me tread,
Where flocks and herds diversify the mead,
Where breathing odours, winnow'd by the gale,
Fan the soft bosom of the smiling vale;
The rooks behind their brawling councils hold,
And the proud peacock trails his train of gold;
Around the doves their purple plumage show,
And clucking poultry saunter, pleas'd, below;
While there the house-dog, with accustom'd glee,
Fawns on the hind, as late he fawn'd on thee.
These crop the food, those press the flowery bed,
Nor weep the absent, nor bewail the dead;
Their stinted feelings seem but half awake,
Dull as yon steer, now slumb'ring on the brake.

Whence, then, the gloom that shrouds the
summer sky? [eye?
Whence the warm tear, now gathering in my
And whence the change when bosom-friends
depart?—
From FANCY striking on the feeling HEART.
Oh! should I follow where *she* leads the way,
What magic meteor to her touch would play!
Then, far from thee, this sun which gilds my
brow,
In deep eclipse would darken all below; [feed,
The herds, though now plain reason sees them
Smit by her touch, would languish in the mead;
The breeze, which now disports with yonder
spray,
The flocks which pant beneath the heat of day,
The pendent copse in partial shadows drest,
The scanty herbage on the mountain's crest,
The balmy pow'rs that mix with every gale,
The glassy lakes that fertilize the dale,

Struck by *her* mystic sceptre, all would fade,
And sudden sadness brood along the shade.

As poets sing, thus Fancy takes her range,
Whose wand etherial waves a general change;
A change, which yielding Reason still obeys,
For sceptred Reason oft with Fancy plays;
Soon as the gen'rous master leaves his home,
What visioned sorrows deep invest the dome!
Soon as the much-lov'd mistress quits the scene,
No longer smiles the grateful earth in green:
In solemn sable ev'ry flow'r appears,
And skies relent in sympathizing tears!
Scarce had the bard of Leasowes' lov'd domain
Clos'd his dimm'd eye upon the pensive plain,
Ere birds and beasts funereal honours paid,
Mourn'd their lov'd lord, and sought the desert shade;
His gayest meads a serious habit wore,
His larks would sing, his lambs would frisk no more;

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A deeper cadence murmur'd from his floods,
Cimmerian horror brooded o'er his woods:
At ev'ry solemn pause the raven scream'd,
The sun set sanguine, and the dog-star gleam'd:
But chief the conscious laurels droop'd their head,
While every bower its leafy honours shed;
Around his walks the Muses wander'd slow,
And hung their lyres on every naked bough.

Yet, separate facts from fairy scenes like these,
Nature, we find, still keeps her first decrees;
The order due, which at her birth was giv'n,
Still forms th' unchanging law of earth and heav'n;
In one fair tenor, *on* the circle goes,
And no obstruction, no confusion knows.
When Shenstone, nay, when SHAKESPEARE press'd the tomb,
The shrubs that saw their fate maintain'd their bloom

Clear ran the streams to their accustom'd shore,
Nor gave one bubble less, one murmur more;
Nor did a single leaf, a simple flower,
Or fade or fall, to mark their mortal hour.

But, is it Fancy ALL? what, no reserve?
From one dull course can Nature never swerve?
Is change of seasons all the change she knows,
From Autumn's sickly heats to Winter snows;
From chilling Spring to Summer's dog-star rage;
From boy to man, from man to crawling age?
These her transitions, ling'ring, sad, and slow,
Whence, then, in these lov'd shades, my bosom's woe?

Ah! is it Fancy, that, with silent pace,
Impels me thus to range from place to place?
To see on ev'ry side an harvest bend,
Yet look on ev'ry side to find my friend?

Or is it Fancy makes yon village train,—
For now 'tis ev'ning—sport around in vain?
That plighted pairs, amidst the hazel boughs,
By me unseen, impart their tender vows;
While, unsuspicious of a witness near,
They mix with Nature's language Nature's tear?
That twilight's gentle gray which now comes on,
To wait, a sober hand-maid, on the sun,
To watch his parting tinge, his soften'd fires,
Then blush, with maiden-grace, as he retires;
The full-orb'd moon, which now ascending high
Her silver shade throws light across the sky;
The still serene, that seems to lull the breeze,
Soft in a leafy cradle 'midst the trees;
The lessen'd sound of yonder distant bell,
Some mournful moral in each pausing knell;
The dropping dew that settles on my cheek,
The frugal lights that from each cottage break;
The just-dropp'd latch, the little lattice clos'd,
To shield from evening's damp the babe repos'd,

And note the hour when temperance and health
Yield the pale vigils of the night to wealth?

Say, is it vision'd Fancy works the charm,
When these blest objects lose their power to warm?
Ah! no:—from other sources springs the smart;
Its source is here, hard pressing on my HEART.

Yes, 'tis the HEART, my friend, which rules
And turns a gloomy to a cloudless sky; [the eye,
The soft magician governs ev'ry scene,
Blossoms the rock, or desolates the green;
Along the heath bids fancied roses blow,
And sunshine rise upon a world of snow.
Yes, 'tis the HEART endears each smiling plain,
Or to his native mountain binds the swain (*a*);
His native mountain where his cottage stands,
More lov'd, more dear, than all the neighb'ring lands;

For though the blast be keen, the soil be bare,
His friends, his wife, his little ones are there.

Oh! had the brother of *my* heart been nigh,
When morning threw her mantle o'er the sky;
Or when gay noon a gaudier robe display'd,
Or modest ev'ning drew her softest shade;
Then had the shrubs breath'd forth their full
perfume,
And, like his flow'rs, my feelings been in bloom.
For still to prove the natural bias right,
Should each fair season with each sense unite.

The bias SOCIAL, man with men must share
The varied benefits of earth and air;
Life's leading law, my friend, which governs
all,
To some in large degrees, to some in small;
To lowest insects, highest pow'rs, a part
Wisely dispens'd to ev'ry beating heart;

A due proportion to all creatures given,
From the mole's mansion, to the seraph's heav'n.
See the wing'd legions which at noontide play,
Together clust'ring in the solar ray,
There sports the social passion; see, and own,
That not an atom takes its flight alone.

Th' unweildy monsters of the pregnant deep,
The savage herds that through the forest sweep,
The viewless tribes that populate the air,
The milder creatures of domestic care,
The rooks which rock their infants on the tree,
The race which dip their pinions in the sea,
The feathered train, gay tenants of the bush,
The glossy blackbird, and the echoing thrush,
The gaudy goldfinch, which salutes the spring,
Winnowing the thistle with his burnish'd wing,
Jove's eagle soaring tow'rds yon orb of light,
Aurora's lark, and Cynthia's bird of night:

All these the laws of Sympathy declare, [SHARE.
And chorus Heaven's first maxim, BORN TO

(*b*) E'en yon vast ELEMENTS, my friend, may prove
The tender force of Sympathy and Love.
Th' illumin'd æther, o'er whose ample breast
Suns roll, stars circle, planets sweep or rest,
On which the glowing fingers of the GOD
Have mark'd the beamy comet's flaming road,
O'er which floats wide the Proteus orb of light,
By day the azure, and the dun by night,—
These, as they travel their fix'd course agree,
And charm the spheres with SOCIAL harmony.
Who knows (a task by sages unexplor'd)
What social aid the elements afford?
What kindred ties may bind the host of air?
What friendly office star may do for star?
Perhaps, (nor is conjecture here a vice,
Fancy full-plum'd in such research may rise:)

Perhaps yon Sun, reduc'd by constant glow,
For ages friendly to this world below,
May from some neighb'ring planet borrow light,
As he repairs the waning queen of night.
Perhaps some orb celestial may restore
Some lov'd and kindred star's exhausted power;
With friendly aid may bountifully glow,
And be in heaven what Howard was below.

Thus Instinct, Sympathy, or what you will,
A first great principle, is active still;
Shines out of every element the soul,
And, deep pervading, animates the whole;
Floats in the gale, surrounds earth's wide domain,
Ascends with fire, and dives into the main;
Whilst dull, or bright, th' affections know to play
As full, or feebly, darts this social ray;
Dimly it gleams on insect, fish, and fowl,
But spreads broad sunshine o'er man's favour'd soul.

Man's favour'd soul then tracing thro' each state,
Behold it fitted for a social fate;
Behold how ev'ry link in nature tends
One chain to form of relatives and friends,
One chain unnumber'd beings to confine,
'Till all assimilate, and all combine.

Yon spacious dome, which earth and sea commands,
Where Lelius dresses his paternal lands;
Where water gushes, and where wood extends,
To share each bounty, Lelius calls his friends;
A desert scene, 'till they adorn his bow'rs;
A naked waste, 'till they partake his flow'rs.
Nor this, tho' sweet, the greatest bliss he feels,
That greatest bliss his modesty conceals.
Pass the green slope which bounds his fair domain,
And seek the valley sloping from the plain;
There, in a blossom'd nook, by pomp unseen,
An aged couple lead a life serene;

And there, behind those elms, a sickly pair
Exchange their labours for a softer care:
'Twas Lelius gave to sickness this repose,
And plac'd life's second cradle near the rose;
In his own hall though louder joys prevail,
A dearer transport whispers from the vale;
Tho' mirth and frolic echo thro' the dome,
In those small cots his bosom finds a home.
Fame, fortune, friends, can Providence give more?
Go, ask of heav'n the blessings of the poor!
A greater comfort would you still supply?
Then wipe the tear from Sorrow's streaming eye;
For social kindness to another shown,
Expands the bliss to make it more your own.

Lo! the rude savage, naked and untaught,
Shares with his mate what arts and arms have caught;

When winter darkness clouds his long, long
night,
See how he strives to find the social light;
His woodland wife, his forest children dear,
Smooth the bleak storms that sadden half his
year:
For them he tracks the monster in the snow;
For them he hurls his sling, and twangs his bow.

Nor scorching sunshine, nor the driving show'r
Nor vollied thunder, nor the lightning's pow'r,
Nor climes, where sickness pants in every breeze
Nor worlds of ice, where nature seems to freeze,
Check the fair principle, which bursts away,
Like yon blest sun when clouds attempt his ray.

Hence, ever lean the feeble on the strong,
As tender sires their children lead along;
While, by degrees, as transient life declines,
And blooming youth to withering age resigns,

The social passion shifts with place and time,
And tender sires are led by sons in prime;
The guide becomes the guided in his turn,
While child and parent different duties learn.

Not then from FANCY only, from the HEART,
Pours the keen anguish on the mortal part,
And Truth herself, destroys the bloom of May,
When Death or Fortune tears a friend away;
From virtuous passion, virtuous feeling, flows
The grief that dims the lily and the rose.
Drops a soft sorrow for a friend in dust?
There Truth and Fancy both may rear the bust.
While one pours forth the tribute of the heart,
The other plies her visionary art;
Potent she calls her airy spectres round,
And bids them instant consecrate the ground;
Fancy presides as sov'reign of the scene,
And darkens every leaf of every green;

Whilst Reason loves to mix with hers the t
And the fair mourners form a league since
Her airy visions Fancy may impart,
And Reason listen to the charmer's art.

In life's fair morn, I knew an aged seer
Who sad and lonely pass'd his joyless year
Betray'd, heart-broken, from the world he
And shunn'd, oh dire extreme! the face of m
Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
Hermit his vest, a hermit's was his food;
Nich'd in some corner of the gelid cave,
Where chilling drops the rugged rockstone la
Hour after hour, the melancholy sage,
Drop after drop to reckon, would engage
The ling'ring day, and trickling as they fell
A tear went with them to the narrow well.
Then thus he moraliz'd, as slow it pass'd:
" This brings me nearer Lucia than the last

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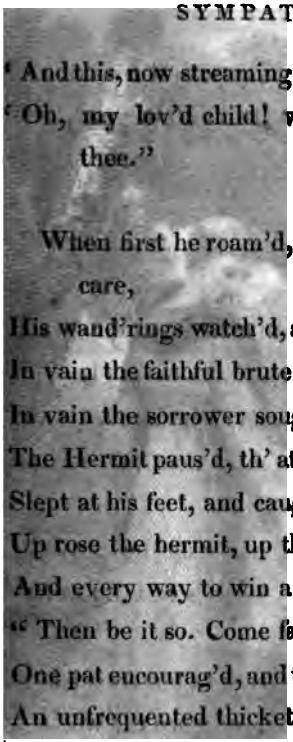
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Drawn by A.W.Davis

One pat encouraged, & they caught the



'And this, now streaming from the eye," said he,
'Oh, my lov'd child! will bring me nearer thee."

When first he roam'd, his dog, with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to share;
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,
In vain the sorrower sought a lonely woe.
The Hermit paus'd, th' attendant dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear:
Up rose the hermit, up the dog would rise,
And every way to win a master tries.
"Then be it so. Come faithful fool," he said;
One pat encourag'd, and they sought the shade;
An unfrequented thicket soon they found,
And both repos'd upon the leafy ground;
Mellifluous murm'rings told the fountains nigh,
Fountains which well a pilgrim's drink supply.

And thence, by many a labyrinth it led
Where ev'ry tree bestow'd an ev'ning bed.
Skill'd in the chase, the faithful creature brought
Whate'er in morn or moon-light course he caught;
But the sage lent his sympathy to all,
Nor saw unwept his dumb associates fall:
He was, in sooth, the gentlest of his kind,
And, though a hermit, had a social mind.
"And why," said he, "must man subsist by prey?
"Why stop yon melting music on the spray?
"Why, when assail'd by hounds and hunter's cry,
"Must half the harmless race in terrors die?
"Why must we work of innocence the woe?
"Still shall this bosom throb, these eyes o'erflow."
Thus liv'd the master good, the servant true,
'Till to its God the master's spirit flew.

Beside a fount, which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the Hermit found a grave;
All in the running stream his garments spread,
And dark damp verdure ill-conceal'd his head;
The faithful servant, from that fatal day (*d*)
Watch'd the lov'd corpse, and hourly pin'd away;
His head upon his master's cheek was found,
While the obstructed waters mourn'd around.

O pain, to think that fellow-men there be
Whose breasts ne'er felt the touch of Sympathy!
Who view unmov'd the sorrow-delug'd eye
O'erflow with bitterness, and hear the sigh
Heave from the sealed heart; yet, still severe,
Ne'er knew the solace of a pitying tear;
Who, stern, can see a neighbour's whelming fate
Bend him to earth beneath misfortune's weight;
Who the blest throb of tenderness ne'er felt,
Pangs that delight, and agonies that melt!

Did HE who form'd the final sense to know
Congenial transport, and congenial woe;
The social passion breath'd in every vein,
To perfect happiness and soften pain:—
Did He who moulded man with such a grace,
And open'd half the cherub in his face;
Who bade the spark divine illume his eye,
Sole image of his God beneath the sky;
Who fram'd his heart to own sweet Friendship's
charms,
Gave the warm wish, and the embracing arms;
Who, soon as earth from the dark void was
made,
Bade order rise, and with kind accent said:
"Now let man live with man in leagues of peace,
"And every joy of amity increase;
"Let social bliss improve the new-born day,
"And all my children the soft law obey:
"So shall I bless the mercies I bestow,
"So still declare that all is good below,"

O blasphemy of thought! did HE ordain
That all these social bounties should be vain?
No! every power without, within, declares
Man's bliss is doubled when that bliss he shares.

The social passion thus by Heaven imprest,
Why find we still one alienated breast?
While every object prompts on every side,
Why is the tender cement still deny'd?
While every atom of the system tends
To general order and dependent ends;
While air, and earth, and ocean, all conspire
To waken virtuous love and fond desire,
To spread the soft, the heaven-connected plan,
Why from the compact starts incongruous Man?

But sordid souls are ever in distress;
To bless himself, each must a second bless;
Then kindle on, 'till he the world embrace,
And in Love's girdle bind the human race.

Thus social grief can finer joys impart
Than the dull pleasures of the miser's heart:
Thus with more force can melancholy warm
Than wild ambition's solitary charm.
And, oh, just Heav'n! what gift canst thou bestow,
What gem so precious as a tear for woe?
A tear more full of thee, O pow'r divine,
Than all the dross that ripens in the mine!

As man with man, with creature creature keeps,
In summer feeds in view, in winter creeps
More fondly close: but take the lamb apart
From its lov'd mother, then the social heart
'Plains in its voice, while sad, the dam around
Bleats at the theft, and leaves uncropt the ground.

In yonder huts, at this profound of night,
The twelfth hour striking as the line I write,

In yonder scatter'd huts, now every swain,
With every maid and matron of the plain,
In Sleep's soft arms on wholesome pallets prest,
Breathe forth the social passion as they rest:
But should dire fate the father make its prey,
Or snatch, untimely, one lov'd child away,
Or bear the faithful housewife to the tomb,
Or should the damsel sicken in her bloom,
No aid from Fancy seeks the sorrowing heart,
But Truth, with force unborrow'd, points the dart.

For me, as weary of myself I rise,
To seek the rest which wakeful thought denies,
O'er the lov'd mansion as I lonely range,
Condemn'd at every step to feel the change;
Through each apartment, where so oft my heart
Hath shar'd each grace of nature and of art,
Where memory marks each object that I see,
And fills the bosom, oh, my friend! with thee;

Through each apartment as I pass along,
Pause for relief, and then pursue my song;
For me, who now with midnight taper go,
To lose in sleep's oblivious shade my woe,
No greater good my closing thoughts can bless,
Ere this remember'd little couch I press,
Than the sweet hope, that at this sacred hour,
My friend enjoys kind Nature's balmy power;
Than the soft wish, which on my bended knee,
I offer up, Eliza, warm for thee!
Wife of my friend, alike my faithful care,
Alike the object of each gentle prayer;
Far distant though thou art, thy worth is near,
And my heart seals its blessings with a tear.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

AND now again 'tis morn, the orient sun
repares once more his radiant course to run;
'er yon tall trees I see his glories rise,
inge their green tops, and gain upon the skies:
he SOCIAL PRINCIPLE resumes the shade,
asks on the banks, or glides along the glade:
ee how it pants, my friend, in yonder throng,
Vhere half a village bears the sheaves along,
ow stoops the swain to dress his native soil,
nd here the housewife comes to soothe his toil;
Vhile heav'n's warm beams upon her bosom dart,
he owns the fondness of her wedded heart,

From his damp brow the labour'd drop removes,
And dares to show with what a force she loves:
Where'er the mother moves, her race attend,
And often cull the corn, and often bend;
Or bear the scrip, or tug the rake along,
Or catch the burthen of the reaper's song;
Or, shrinking from the sickle's curving blade,
Cling to the gown, half pleas'd, and half afraid;
While he who gave them life looks on the while,
And views his little household with a smile;
Imprints the kiss;—then blessing ev'ry birth,
Carols his joy, and hails the generous earth.

But not to scenes of peasantry confin'd,
Though, haply, simpler there, as less refin'd;
Not circumscrib'd to these the social plan,
Which more extends, as more pursu'd by man.
Just as yon path-way, winding thro' the mead,
Grows broad and broader by perpetual tread,

The social passion turns the foot aside,
And prompts the swains to travel side by side;
Both edge, by turns, upon the bordering sod,
And the path widens as the grass is trod.

In cities thus, tho' trade's tumultuous train
Spurn at the homely maxims of the plain,
Not all the pride of rank, the trick of art,
Can chase the generous passion from the heart:
Nay, more; a larger circle it must take,
Where men embodying larger int'rests make,
And each, perforce, round each more closely twine,
Where countless thousands form the social line.

As slow to yonder eminence I bend,
Gradual the views of social life extend;
Where benches ease the steep ascent I stray,
And stop at each to take a just survey;

At every step, as sinks the vale behind,
A wider prospect opens on mankind.

Far, to the right, where these blue hills arise,
And bathe their swelling bosoms in the skies,
The barks of commerce set the flapping sail,
And the dark sea-boy sues the busy gale;
There the deep warehouse shows its native store,
There flame the riches of a foreign shore;
Thick swarm the sons of trade on every hand,
And either India breathes along the strand;
Gold, give me gold! each bustler cries aloud,
As hope or fear alternate seize the crowd;
To careless eyes, the love of pelf alone
Seems to drain off the golden tide for one;
But closer view'd a various course it takes,
And wide meanderings in its passage makes;
Through many a social channel see it run,
In splendid heritage from sire to son;

From thence in many a mazy stream it flows,
And feels no ebb, no dull stagnation knows:
Thus Nature and Necessity agree
The social chain to stretch from land to sea.
Thus e'en the miser, tho' his sordid soul
Loves but himself, befriends, perforce, the whole.
Ask you a stronger proof? Place wealth alone
With some hard niggard, lock up all his own;
Pile bills, and bags, and bonds, upon his shelf,
And a close prisoner chain him to his pelf.
Unhappy man! from family and friends,
From all which heav'n in soft compassion sends,
From touch of kindred, tune of tender speech,
And exil'd from the social passion's reach;—
How would he sigh, tho' every hope were vain,
And buy a glance at man with half his gain!
How at some chink or crevice would he ply,
And envy each poor beggar limping by!
Far happier he, who, breasting every wind,
Lives on the common mercy of his kind;

Who roams the world to tell his piteous case,
And dies at last amidst the human race.

(*e*) Ye selfish friends! ye worshippers of gold,
Who deem a passion lavish'd if unsold;
Who farm the feelings with a statesman's art,
And, like base usurers, traffic with the heart;
Who to that idol in its niche, confine
The holy incense due at Nature's shrine
Say, can your sordid merchandize deny
The sacred force of heav'n-born sympathy?
Ah, no! the gen'rous spirit takes a part,
As goodness, glory, pity, move the heart:
Else, why at fabled virtues do we glow?
At fabled sorrows why with tears o'erflow?
Why with the bleeding hero do we bleed?
Why scorn the base, and love the gen'rous deed?

(*f*) Why, as with Homer's chiefs we rush
to war,
Each turn of varying fortune do we share?
Why with the mourning wife of Hector mourn?
With Priam weep, and with Achilles burn?
'Spite of your arts, the sympathies arise,
And aid the cause of all the brave and wise;
'Spite of your little selves, when virtue charms,
To Nature true, the social passion warms;
Vain to resist, imperial Nature still (*g*)
Asserts her claim, and bends us to her will.

And GOLD itself, though stigmatiz'd with rage,
Through many a rash, declamatory page,
The gorgeous ruin by each Bard decry'd,
In tuneful scorn, or philosophic pride,
Wit's standing subject of supreme disgrace,
And gravely call'd, the curse of all our race:
Yes, GOLD itself, though soft Tibullus swears
It deafen'd Nemesis to all his prayers,

Brib'd her false heart from passion's sacred fir
And loos'd her from the magic of his lyre—
Appears, my friend, the SOCIAL power to aid
Pure from the dust that clogs the wheel of trad
Full falsely charge we mother earth with wron
In all the wild licentiousness of song:
Safe in her central caverns harmless shone
This hoarded treasure of her ancient throne;
In rich repose it slept within the mine,
Nor wish'd to quit the subterraneous shrine;
With parent caution, Earth, who knew i
powers, [flower
O'er the fair mischief strew'd her variou
While every flower her sweetest perfume bo
That her lov'd children might require no mor

MAN dragg'd the splendid stranger first
view,
And, like a meteor, round the world it flew;

A ready welcome from the world it found,
And Phœbus hail'd the phœnix from the ground,
Immediate wonder seiz'd the circling crowd,
But chief Europa to her idol bow'd;
Her bark, her car, with emblems gilded o'er,
The homage spread from ocean to the shore;
Attractive gold obsequious votaries drew,
'Till useful fondness into dotage grew.

Yet still be just.—In shape of fraud or force,
Ere gold appear'd, the PASSIONS took their course;
Like whirlwinds swept the flowers of life along,
And crush'd the weak, and undermin'd the strong:
Lord as thou wert, Tibullus, of the strains
That sweetest paint a hapless lover's pains,
Long, long, ere execrated gold from earth
Arose to give each tender trespass birth,

Full many a mistress knew, like thine, th
art
To sport with vows, and practise on the heart
Let sage Tradition's reverend records tell,
Unbrib'd by gold, what hosts in battle fell;
Unbrib'd by gold—when acorns were the foo
And man with beast roam'd naked thro' th
wood, [sun
E'en in those times which raptur'd bards hav
When nature triumph'd, and the world wa
young,
Blest days! whose charms so many lays rehears
Blest days, alas! which only bloom in verse—
E'en *then* let Hist'ry tell what follies sped,
Assail'd the hut, and thro' the forest spread;
How daring guilt in proud obtrusion stood,
And dy'd his dreadful robe in brother's blood
How son and sire, with unrelenting strife,
Ensanguin'd sought each other's kindred life;

How matrons stopp'd the new-born infant's
breath,
And bold self-slaughter rush'd on impious death,
How darkling error stain'd the blushing morn,
And life's *first* roses bore the pointed thorn;
How ages past exhibit all the crimes
That random satire aims at modern times;
How varying MODES alone divide the plan
Betwixt the savage and the social man;
How ruder vices now refin'd appear,
Adopting still the fashion of the year:—
Conclude we then the vices are the same,
Conclude that man, not gold, is still to blame.

Rail then no more at gold; for plain to view
Behold an antidote and poison too:
Oh! save the shining metal from abuse,
And the heart turns it to a SOCIAL use!
The widow, orphan, and ten thousand more,
Prove that no dross need hang about the ore;

Prove, that this glittering treasure may dispense
The sterling joys of pure benevolence,
While from the golden reservoir may flow
The richest streams of SYMPATHY below.

In soft alliance with the tender heart,
The SENSES, too, *their* sympathy impart:
No longer blessings, than as all conspire
With kindred zeal, to fan the social fire.
Of sight, or smell, say what the mighty power,
If but to see the sun, or scent the flower?
Of touch, taste, hearing, what the wond'rous boast,
If, narrow'd all to SELF, they all are lost?
But, ye of finer souls, who truly know
The rich division of a joy and woe,
Oh! tell the rapture, when a friend is nigh
To charm the ear, or to delight the eye,
To draw amusement from the pictur'd air,
As Fancy shapes her thousand visions there,

Now paints her monsters, now her armies strong,
When slow she drives her twilight car along:
Oh! tell the rapture that each pleasure wears
When the soul's friend each passing pleasure shares,
When with twin'd arms ye watch the opening rose,
Or trace the devious streamlet as it flows,
Together mark fair Summer's radiant store,
Together Nature's vernal haunts explore;
And, fondly jealous of each object new,
Contend who first shall point it to the view;
Then part awhile, o'er hill and valley stray,
And anxious court the fortune of the day.

But if LONG absent, hail'd be every power,
That blots the sunbeam, and destroys the bower,
That wraps th' affrighted atmosphere in storms,
And each gay vision of the sky deforms;
The social senses then partake the grief,
And seek some kindred object of relief.

Oh hark, my soul! to yonder stockdove's note,
Sweet as the woe from Philomela's throat;
Soft let me steal along the copse to hear
The mournful murmur break upon my ear.
Ah, gentle bird! indulge thy tender pains,
While the Muse greets thee with congenial strains;
Nor quit thy sombrous seat, nor needless fly
The still small breathings of a social sigh:
That ruffled plumage, that disorder'd wing,
More soothing now than softest blooms of spring,
And that deep sob, to every sense more dear
Than all the music of the vocal year,

O shame to all that God design'd below!
Shame to the wretch who flies from human woe!
Shame to the wretch who aims th' empoison'd dart
At the proud feeling of a generous heart!

Yet slaves there be, who in Misfortune's bowl
Mix bitter draughts to agonize the soul;
Whose bosoms gladden at another's woe,
And joy to see the grief-swoln eyes o'erflow.

Hence, * some have deem'd that ev'ry heart is gall,
That meanness, pride, and madness, seize on all,
That not one bosom the infection shuns,
And that the poison universal runs:
That not one spirit claims its heavenly birth,
And starts sublimely from surrounding earth;
That never generous action mov'd the mind;
That never man to goodness seem'd inclin'd;
That some lov'd passion overwhelms each breast,
And this imparts disorder to the rest;
As when some member, by diseases foul,
Touches each sounder limb, and taints the whole;

* Rochefoucault.

'Till all in one wide selfish gulph be tost,
The gracious image of the God-head lost!

Perish the thought! Blest myriads still there are
Whom Sympathy adopts with fondest care;
Unbrib'd by wealth, by fortune undismay'd,
Friends in the sunshine, partners of the shade;
In whose warm hearts the soft sensations roll,
The same at Scotland, Lapland, or the Pole;
The same or flaunting in the blaze of dress,
Or woeful flutt'ring in unrob'd distress:—
Yes, there are myriads who would famine brave,
A foe to succour, and a friend to save;
Thro' every tempest, every calm the same,
Their bosoms glowing with immortal flame;
When smooth life's sea partake the fav'ring gale,
Together hail the port, together sail.

Blest be the hand that lends the power to feel,
And frames us subject to the wounds we heal;
That urges all to minister relief,
(*h*) And bade us fly with open arms to grief;
That veils the soft attraction in a tear,
Each bliss makes poignant, and each sorrow dear!
Eternal incense from the soul ascend
To HIM who made each being *want* a friend,
Who plac'd us in a world 'twixt sun and shade,
That those which bloom might succour those that fade!
And doubly bless'd the Providence whose skill
In life's thin loom has woven many an ill!
Tho' weak the texture, from that weakness springs
The strength and beauty of all human things;
For, still as Fate or Nature deals the blow,
The balms we now demand, we now bestow,

And all our miseries but clearly prove
(*i*) The social powers of Pity and of Love.

(*k*) Ask the pale mother, why 'tis joy to weep [creep?
When o'er her stricken babe faint slumbers
Ask why the child, at midnight's thickest gloom,
Still fondly lingers at a parent's tomb?
Or why the wife, in times of raging death,
Yet leans to catch her lord's polluted breath?
Go, warn them straight of pestilential air,
Point to the weakness here, the danger there,
Let mirth and music all their powers employ,
To spread for every sense its favourite joy,
Then, arm'd with all the world's seductions, try
To wean the mourners from so dark a sky;
Oh! they will spurn the offer'd gales of health,
The lures of pleasure, and the snares of wealth,
Prefer the dark recesses of disease,
The sickly pillow and the tainted breeze,

And call it conscience, nature, bliss, to know
The last extremities of SOCIAL woe.

Hence the great principle to all expands,
Thaws Lapland's ice, and glows on India's sands (*l*);
Above, below, its genial splendours play,
Where'er a human footstep marks the way,
"Oh! for one track of man upon the snow,
"The trace of sweet society to show!
"Oh! for one print on swarthy Afric's shore!"
Thus prays the wanderer 'scap'd from Ocean's roar;
In every clime is felt the throb divine,
By land, by water, here, and at the Line.

Nor climates only, but each AGE imparts
The kindly bias to our social hearts.
See the swath'd infant cling to the embrace,
Th' instinctive fondness dawning in its face;

See it, ascending, strengthen as it grows,
'Till ripe and riper the affection glows,
Then view the child its toys and trinkets share
With some lov'd partner of his little care:
Behold the man a firmer bond requires,
For him the passion kindles all its fires;
Next, see his numerous offspring twining near,
Now move the smile, and now excite the tear;
Terror and transport in his bosom reign,
Succession sweet of pleasure and of pain;
As age advances some sensations cease,
Some, lingering, leave the heart, while some increase:
Thus, when life's vigorous passions are no more,
Self-love creeps closest to the social power;
The stooping vet'ran, with time-silver'd hair,
Crawls to the blazing hearth and wicker chair;
There huddled close, he fondly hopes to spy
His goodly sons and daughters standing by;

To the lisp'd tale he bends the greedy ear,
And o'er his children's children drops a tear:
Or, every friend surviv'd, himself half dead,
Frail nature still demands her board, her bed;
And these some kindred spirit shall bestow,
His wants supply, or mitigate his woe;
Still Sympathy shall watch his fleeting breath,
And gently lead him to the gates of death.

Yet more; e'en WAR, the scourge of human kind,
But serves more close the social links to bind;
Confed'rate courage forms th' embattled line,
Firm on each side connecting passions join;
'Tis social danger either troop inspires,
'Tis social honour either army fires;
'Tis social glory burnishes the van,
'Tis social faith spreads on from man to man;
As front to front the warring parties meet,
For social ends they dare the martial feat;

As breast to breast, and eye to eye they fix,
For social ends they separate or mix. [fight,
King, country, parents, children, prompt the
For these, alone, they bleed, resist, unite;
And, haply, first hostilities arose
From nice distinctions made of friends and foes:
Some scornful slight, were nature most can smart,
Some stinging insult, sorest to the heart,
Bade Sympathy call vengeance to her aid,
'Till where the laws avail'd not, wars were made:
Affection sought from arms the wish'd relief,
And bore them 'gainst the assassin and the thief;
Eager o'er those who faith's fair league invade
With social zeal to lift th' avenging blade;
Or from the spoiler's hand to fence the flowers
That sweetly blossom round life's private bowers.
'Tis thus the steady eye of Reason finds,
What seems to snap the chain, more closely binds.

And thus each peril, like each pleasure try'd,
Unites the rosy bonds on either side.

But less do arms than ARTS assist the plan,
Those may defend, but these embellish man;
These softly draw him nearer to his kind,
And mark distinct his seraph-form of mind.

Lo, in firm compact, hand, and head, and heart,
To aid the system take a helping part;
Their various powers by various modes they lend,
And serve in union as one common friend:
Hence, by consent, men clear the unthrifty wood,
New model earth, and navigate the flood;
Hence hamlets grow into the city's pride,
While the soul opens, like the talents, wide.

By social pleasure, social profit sway'd.
Some soar to learning, and some stoop to trade:
Studious to gain the love of human kind,
The social sage at midnight stores his mind,
Robs weary nature of her just repose,
Nor drinks the dew that bathes the morning rose,
Nor, when the sun to Cynthia gives the night,
Eyes the soft blessing of her tender light,
But o'er the taper leans his pensive head,
And for the living communes with the dead.
The dusky artisan, his effort made,
Asserts his rights and leaves the sickly shade;
At eve, he quits the spot where glooms annoy,
And seeks the bosom of domestic joy;
The social faggot, and the light repast,
Await to cheer him when his toils are past.

And hence each class of elegant and great,
Art decks the dome, and commerce crowds the street;

The heav'n-born Muse impetuous wings her way,
When her lov'd Seward seeks the realms of day:
Queen of the comic power, hence Cowley wooes,
Fair visitations of the *gayer* Muse;
The painter hence his magic pencil plies,
And Reynolds bids a new creation rise;
Hence Kauffman sketches life's lov'd forms anew,
And holds the mirror of past times to view,
Restores each grace that mark'd the Grecian age,
And draws her lovely comment on the page:
And still to cheer the solitary hour, [power;
For this has Beach (*m*) display'd his happiest
I see my friend upon the canvass glow,
And feel the smile that lightens every woe.

All, SYMPATHY, is thine; th' Immortal strung [tongue;
For thee that more than golden harp—the

The sphere's best music taught it to impart,
And bade each soft vibration strike the heart
Thine too, the varied fruitage of the fields,
The clustering crops which yonder valley yields
That thymy down, where feed a thousand sheep
This bower umbrageous, and yon cultur'd steep
The still smooth joys that bloom o'er life's serene
And all the bustle of its public scene.

Nor think the dull cold reasoners can dis-
prove
These varied powers of Sympathetic love;
Nor hope, ye cynics, all your skill can find
From partial spots a flaw in human kind:
As well the panther might ye charge with sin
And call each streak a blemish on his skin;
Allow to self the broadest scope ye can,
Still breathes the social principle in man.
Oft when pride whispers that he stands alone,
His strength proceeds from other than his own

Oft when he seems to walk the world apart,
Another's interest twines about his heart;
And call his project rash, his effort vain,
The END is social which he sighs to gain.
Or say, this builds for pomp, that digs for bread,
This shews you pictures, that a pompous bed,
This toils a niggard at his lonely trade,
That rears the bower, but asks not to its shade;
That this for vanity his wealth displays,
As that for pride unravels learning's maze;
Trace but their PURPOSE to one general end,
You see it work the good of wife, or friend;
Parent or child their privilege still claim,
And social comfort springs from what we blame.
Frailty itself, our sympathy may spare,
A graceful weakness when no vice is there:
Who hopes perfection, breaks down nature's
fence,
And spurns the modest bounds of sober sense.

When straw-like errors lean to virtue's side,
Ah! check, ye bigots, check your furious pride.
Some venial faults, like clouds at dawn of day,
Blush as they pass, and but a moment stay;
Those venial faults from sordid natures start,
And spring up only in the generous heart;
As florid weeds elude the labourer's toil,
From too much warmth or richness of the soil,
While meaner souls, like Zembla's hills of snow,
Too barren prove for weeds or flowers to grow.

This then is clear, while human kind exist,
The social principle must still subsist,
In strict dependency of one on all,
As run the binding links from great to small.
Man born for man some friendly aid requires,
The contract strengthening, 'till the soul retires:
Nor then, e'en then it breaks, for still we pay
A brother's homage to the breathless clay;

Jealous of destiny, the heart would save
Its favour'd object from the closing grave,
Its favour'd object chosen from the rest,
In grief, in joy, the monarch of the breast;
To earth we trust what fondness would retain,
And leave the corpse to visit it again;
Nay, unconfin'd by partial ties of blood,
We brave e'en peril for a stranger's good. (*n*)

Once, and not far from where those seats are seen,
Just where yon white huts peep the copse between,
A damsel languish'd, all her kin were gone,
For God, who lent, resum'd them one by one;
Disease and penury in cruel strife
Had ravish'd all the decent means of life;
E'en the mark'd crown, her lover's gift, she gave,
In filial duty for a father's grave.

That so the honour'd clay which caus'd her
birth
Might slumber peaceful in the sacred earth,
Chim'd to its grass-green home with pious peal,
While hallow'd dirges hymn the last farewell;
Her Lover, too, untimely snatch'd away,
A Lover—Husband on the bridal-day!
At length these piercing woes her sense invade,
And lone and long the hapless wanderer stray'd
O'er the black heath, around th' unmeasur'd
wood,
Up the huge precipice, or near the flood;
She mounts the rock at midnight's awful hour,
Enjoys the gloom, and idly mocks the shower;
Now scorns her fate, then patient bends the knee,
And courts each pitying star to set her free;
Then starting wildly, thinks those stars her foes,
Smites her sad breast, and laughs amidst her
woes:

Drawn by d. W. Devis

She mounts the rock, at midnights awful hour.

Oft would she chase the bee, or braid the grass,
Or crop the hedge-flower, or disorder'd pass;
Else, restless loiter in the pathless mead,
Sing to the birds at roost, the lambs at feed;
Or if a nest she found the brakes among,
No hand of hers destroy'd the promis'd young;
And when kind nature brought the balmy sleep,
Too soon she woke to wander and to weep;
Across her breast the tangled tresses flew,
And phrensied glances all around she threw;
Th' unsettled soul those phrensied glances speak,
And tears of terror hurry down her cheek;
Yet still that eye was bright, that cheek was fair,
Though pale the rose, the lily blossom'd there.
A wandering swain the beauteous maniac found,
Her woes wild warbling to the rocks around;
A river roll'd beside, aghast she ran,
Her vain fears startling at the sight of man:

And "Save me, God! my father's ghost!"
she cry'd,
Then headlong plung'd into the flashing tide.
The youth pursues—but wild the waters rose,
And o'er their heads in circling surges close,
Not heav'n-born Sympathy itself could save;
Both, both, alas! where whelm'd beneath the
wave.

And lives the man, who senseless could have
stood
To see the victim buffet with the flood?
Whose coward cheek no tinge of honour feels,
Flush'd with no pride at what the muse reveals?
If such a man, if such a wretch there be,
Thanks to this aching heart, I am not he.
Hail, lovely griefs, in tender mercy giv'n!
And hail, ye tears, like dew-drops fresh from
heav'n!

Hail, balmy breath of unaffected sighs, [skies!
More sweet than airs that breathe from eastern
Hail, sacred source of sympathy divine,
Each social pulse, each social fibre thine!
Hail, symbols of the God, to whom we owe
The nerves that vibrate, and the hearts that glow;
Love's tender tumult, friendship's holy fires,
And all which beauty, all which worth inspires;
The joy that lights the hope-illumin'd eye,
The bliss supreme that melts in pity's sigh;
Affection's bloom quick rushing to the face,
The choice acknowledg'd, and the warm embrace! [draw
Oh Power of powers! whose magic thus can
Earth, air, and ocean, by one central law;
Join bird to bird, to insect insect link, [think;
From those which grovel, up to those which
Oh, ever blest! whose bounties, opening wide,
Fill the vast globe for mortals to divide,

Thy heav'nly favours stretch from pole to pole,
Encircle earth, and rivet soul to soul!

Cease then to wonder these lov'd scenes impart
No more the usual transport to my heart;
Tho' modest Twilight visit Eve again, [swain;
At whose soft summons homeward steps the
Though from the breath of oxen in the vale
I catch the spirit of the balmy gale, [sing,
And from the brakes the answering thrushes
While the gray owl sails by on solemn wing;
Nor wonder if when morning blooms again,
In discontent I quit the flowery plain.

Thus the poor mariner (*a*), his traffic o'er,
Crowds every sail to reach his native shore;
With smiles he marks the pennons stream to port,
And climbs the topmost mast to eye the fort;

Dim through the mist the distant land appears,
And far he slopes to hail it with his tears;
From foreign regions foreign faces come,
Anxious he seeks his much lov'd friends at home; [glows,
Warm, and more warm, the social passion
As near and nearer to the place he goes;
Quick beats his heart, as pressing on he sees
His own fair cottage canopy'd with trees;
For there, in blessed health, he hopes to find
His wife and cradled infant left beh'nd;
Panting, he plucks the latch that guards the door,
But finds his wife, his cradled babe no more!
Like some sad ghost he wanders o'er the green,
Droops on the blossom'd waste, and loathes the scene.

Yet haply you, by SYMPATHY, may know
That here awhile I paus'd to paint my woe;

For, sure, if ever sylph or sylphid bore
One true friend's message to a distant shore;
If ever spirit whisper'd gentle deed,
In such an absence most its aid we need.—
Perhaps, for now let Fancy take her flight,
My friend, like me, may wander through the night,
Amidst a different scenery may roam,
And many a gentle sigh address at home;
E'en now, where moon-beams tremble on the wave,
And circling sea-gulls their long pinions lave,
Where anchor'd vessels in the harbour ride,
To wait the flux of the returning tide,
Where the salt billow beats against the strand,
My friend may take his solitary stand;
Or on the rock projecting to the main,
May sit him down to mark the social strain,
Along the frothing beach may bend his way,
And suit, like me, his sorrows to his lay.

Farewell! My hour approaches with the dawn,
And up I spring to leave the flowery lawn;
The pain increases as I stay to trace
Another sunshine rising o'er the place:
Adieu then, balmy shrubs and shades, adieu!
This passing incense o'er your leaves I strew;
Adieu, thou dear and hill-screen'd cottage fair!
Adieu, thou decent dome of Sunday prayer!
To each, to all, adieu! Your lonely guest
Retires. The SOCIAL PASSION speaks the rest.

NOTES.

Note (*a*) page 103.

Or to his native mountain binas the swain.

THIS is perhaps one of the subjects most interesting to the feelings of man. I have on former occasions noted, and must note again, the exquisite colours in which the Bard of "Local Attachment" has painted it: —What follows is a fresh proof.

"All love their native spot; whether beside
Their ice-ribb'd mountains, through a waste of night,
They catch the frost gales from the stormy tide,
And shiver to the boreal flashes bright;
Or, if the sun vouchsafe a noon-day light,
Hail from the crags, his faint-reflected beams,
And slide o'er mould'ring bridge from height to height."

Again:

"Nor less, from use, the sons of reason mark
Their native skies, their-heart-responding home;
Whether those skies be azure-bright, or dark
With sullen tempest; whether lordly dome
Or shed be theirs. Still, sighing deep, they roam
Far from the umbrageous grove, or village green;
Nor wander over ocean's angry foam,
Without a hope once more to trace serene
Where Peace hath smooth'd her wing, the dear familiar scene."

Nor has the author of the above lines failed to exemplify his prepossessing subject by facts in prose.* It is long since I caused the extract to be made; and as the transcriber has omitted to give the name of the author, I am not sure to whom I am indebted for the subsequent remarks; I have not the poem at hand to refer to, but I think it is Mr. Polwhele, who observes, that "this sentiment is also the source of the *amor patriæ*, because it brings to our recollection the gentle and pure affections of our earliest years. It increases

* See notes to "Local Attachment."

with extension, and expands with the progress of time, as a sentiment of a celestial and immortal nature. In Switzerland there is an antient musical air, extremely simple, called *Rans des Vaches*. This air produces an effect so powerful, that it was found necessary to prohibit the playing of it in Holland and in France before the Swiss Soldiers, because it made them all desert one after another. I imagine that the *Rans des Vaches* must imitate the lowing and bleating of cattle, the repercussion of the echoes, and other local associations, which made the blood boil in the veins of these poor soldiers, by recalling to their memory the valleys,* the lakes, the mountains of their country†; and, at the same time, the companions of their early

* Alas! what must be the sensations of the true lovers of their country, in dismantled, desolated Switzerland, now?

† I have been told that Poutaveri, the Indian of Otaheite, who was some years ago brought to Paris, on seeing in the royal garden, the paper mulberry tree, the bark of which is in that island manufactured into cloth, clasped it in his arms, and while the tear started into his eye, exclaimed, "Ah! tree of my country!"

life, their first loves, the recollection of their indulgent grandfathers, and the like.

"The love of country seems to strengthen, in proportion as it is innocent and unhappy. For this reason, savages are fonder of their country than polished nations are, and those who inhabit regions rough and wild, such as mountaineers, than those who live in fertile districts and happy climates. Never could the Court of Russia prevail upon a single Samoiede to leave the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and settle at Petersburgh. Some Greenlanders, in the course of the last century, were brought to the Court of Copenhagen, where they were entertained with great kindness; but they soon fretted themselves to death. Several of them were drowned in attempting to return to their country in an open boat. They beheld all the magnificence of the Court of Denmark with extreme indifference; but one, in particular, was observed to weep every time he saw a woman with a child in her arms: hence it was conjectured that this unfortunate man was a father. The gentleness of domestic education, without doubt, thus powerfully attaches these poor

poor people to the place of their birth. It was this which inspired the Greeks and Romans with so much courage in defence of their country."

I have no hesitation in thanking the author of "Local Attachment" for my first information respecting the *Dulce Domum*, which, he tells me, "is said to have been written about 200 years since, by a Winchester scholar, detained at the usual time of breaking up, and chained to a tree or pillar for his offence to the master, when the other scholars had liberty to visit their respective homes while the breaking up lasted,—This confined scholar was so affected with grief, by being thus detained from seeing his dear home, and for the loss of his liberty, that he was moved to compose the *Dulce Domum*, and died broken-hearted before his companions returned. In memory of this unhappy incident, the scholars of Winchester College, attended by the master, chaplains, organists, and choristers, have an annual procession, walking three times round the pillar or tree to which their fellow-collegian was chained, singing all the time." The air of the Dulce

Domum was composed by John Reading, in the reign of Charles the Second.

The Sympathy of *Home* is likewise illustrated most exquisitely in Nature's own language, by Nature's own Poet, in his fascinating little Poem, called "Market Night."—It is scarcely necessary to add the name of Robert Bloomfield, a name no less expressive of pastoral than poetic sweetness:

"Sure-footed beast! thy road thou'lt keep,
Nor storm nor darkness startles thee."

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"O blest assurance! trusty steed,
To thee the buried road is known;
Home all the spur thy footsteps need,
When loose the frozen rein is thrown."

The Bard who so well began the illustrations of this note, will help me to close them no less happily with the following stanza:—

"So fervent for our homes, in life, in death,
We bid the sympathies of nature swell;
There happy to resign our vital breath,
Where in fond youth we own'd the trancing spell."

Note (*b*), page 106.

E'en yon vast ELEMENTS, *my Friend, may prove—*

Under the influence of feelings, at once solemn and sweet, awful and touching, the admirable author of "Views of Nature" observes—

"Nature is not limited: it is an unbounded machine, in which the race of men forms but an inconsiderable wheel. All beings, all operations, which originate with her, must be good, must be noble and interesting—they all must tend to one point—*the production of harmony and order.* The strongly marked characters which the earth in every place presents to us, speak in a language which cannot but arouse the most torpid understanding. But that which is above us, is more legibly distinct. The firmament is the elder scripture, written by GOD'S OWN HAND: an undisputed, an universal scripture. Portions of this globe have

disappeared, but whole systems have been extinguished in the heavens. How do objects, which we call vast, vanish in comparison with the etherial worlds which roll in space! The terraqueous ball becomes lost in the solar system; the solar system in the immeasurable expanse of the universe; and the universe itself, in its ALMIGHTY CREATOR!"

How greatly, how gloriously, has this climax ascended! With the most perfect justice have the critics determined the whole work to be "an excellent companion and guide in the study of philosophy, human and divine: a spirit, sensible, well-disposed, and benignant; attuned to whatever is most sublime and affecting in both the natural and moral world."

Note (*c*) page 112.

In life's fair morn I knew an aged seer—

The word *seer* is used only in the popular sense; as we call a wise man a seer, or sage.

* By Sir R. Sullivan.

Note (*d*), page 115.

The faithful servant from that fatal day,—

"As to friendship," says Montaigne, "the beasts, sometimes, have it, without comparison, more lively and constant than men have. King Lysimachus's dog Hyracan, his master being dead, lay upon his bed, obstinately refusing either to eat or drink; and the day that his body was burnt, he took a run and leaped into the fire, where he was consumed. As also did the dog of one Pyrrhus; for he would not stir from off his master's bed from the time that he died; and, when they took him away, let himself be carried with him, and at last leaped into the pile where they burnt his master's body. There are certain inclinations of affection which sometimes spring in us without the consultation of reason, and by a fortuitous temerity, which others call SYMPATHY, of which beasts are as capable as we. We see horses take such an acquaintance with one another, that we have much ado to make them stir or travel when separated: we observe them to fancy a particular colour in those of their own kind, and, where they meet it, run with great joy, and

demonstrations of good will; and have a dislike and hatred for some other colour."

Note (*e*), page 196.

Ye selfish friends! ye worshippers of gold—

"How selfish soever," observes the sagacious author of 'The Theory of Moral Sentiments,' "man may be supposed, there are evidently some principles in his nature, which interest him in the fortune of others, and render their happiness necessary to him, though he derives nothing from it, except the pleasure of seeing it. Of this kind is pity or compassion, the emotion which we feel for the misery of others, when we either see it, or are made to conceive it in a very lively manner. That we often derive sorrow from the sorrow of others, is a matter of fact too obvious to require any instances to prove it; for this sentiment, like all the other original passions of human nature, is by no means confined to the virtuous and humane, though they perhaps may feel it with the most exquisite sensibility. The greatest ruffian, the most hardened violator of the laws of society, is not altogether without it."

Note (*f*), page 127.

Why, as with Homer's chiefs we rush to war—

I am proud of having united in sentiment with Adam Smith in this argument of the Social Passion, some years before I had ever met with his Theory.

"Our joy," says he, "for the deliverance of those heroes of tragedy or romance who interest us, is as sincere as our grief for their distress, and our fellow-feeling with their misery is not more real than that with their happiness. We enter into their gratitude towards those faithful friends who did not desert them in their difficulties; and we heartily go along with their resentment against those perfidious traitors who injured, abandoned, or deceived them. In every passion of which the mind of man is susceptible, the emotions of the by-stander always correspond to what, by bringing the case home to himself, he imagines should be the sentiments of the sufferer."

Note (*g*), page 127.

Vain to resist, imperial Nature still—

" And hence the charm historic scenes impart,
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart."

says the author of the fine Poem on the " Pleasures of Memory."

Note (*h*), page 137.

And bade us fly with open arms to grief—

" We run not only to congratulate the successful, but to condole with the afflicted; and the pleasure which we find in the conversation of one whom in all the passions of his heart we can entirely sympathize with, seems to do more than compensate the painfulness of that sorrow with which the view of his situation affects us."

ADAM SMITH.

Note (*i*) page 138.

The social powers of Pity and of Love.

What gratitude do I owe to the author of the subsequent sentiments for thus giving sanction to my own!

"The mind, therefore, is rarely so disturbed, but that the company of a friend will restore it to some degree of tranquillity and sedateness. The breast is, in some measure, calmed and composed the moment we come into his presence. We are immediately put in mind of the light in which he will view our situation, and we begin to view it ourselves in the same light; for the effect of sympathy is instantaneous. We expect less sympathy from a common acquaintance than from a friend: we cannot open to the former all those little circumstances which we can unfold to the latter: we assume, therefore, more tranquillity before him, and endeavour to fix our thoughts upon those general outlines of our situation which he is willing to consider. We expect still less sympathy from an assembly of strangers; and we assume, therefore, still more tranquillity before them, and always endeavour to bring down our passion to that pitch which the particular company we are in may be expected to go along with. Nor is this only an assumed appearance: for, if we are at all masters of ourselves, the presence of a mere acquaintance will really compose us, still more than that

of a friend; and that of an assembly of strangers, still more than that of an acquaintance.

"Society and conversation, therefore, are the most powerful remedies for restoring the mind to its tranquillity, if, at any time, it has unfortunately lost it; as well as the best preservatives of that equal and happy temper, which is so necessary to self-satisfaction and enjoyment. Men of retirement and speculation, who are apt to sit brooding at home over either grief or resentment, though they may often have more humanity, more generosity, and a nicer sense of honour, yet seldom possess that equality of temper which is so common among men of the world."

ADAM SMITH.

Note (*k*), page 138.

Ask the pale mother why 'tis joy to weep—

"Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep?
Tremblingly, still, she lifts his veil, to trace
The father's features in his infant face."

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

It is not undelightful to me to find a congeniality of thought and opinion with such writers as Rogers and Campbell. But in all such cases I think it far more likely that the resemblance, whether of thought or expression, should be accidental than intended. The honour conferred on me by the similitude is sufficient, without coldly calculating which investigated the subject first. I have gone somewhat at length into this subject in an advertisement prefixed to the drama of "Fire and Frost."

Note (*l*), page 139.

Thaws Lapland's ice, and glows on India's sands—

The lovely Poem of "The Pleasures of Memory," Supplies me with a beautiful confirmation of my sentiments on this subject also.

"Undamp'd by time the generous instinct glows,
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tyger's den, the serpent's nest;
On every form of varied life imprest;
The social tribes its choicest influence hail:
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,

The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round."

ROGERS.

Note (*m*), page 145.

For this has Beach display'd his happiest power;—

A very ingenious and rising artist, who has painted for the Author an admirable portrait of the gentleman to whom this poem is inscribed. Mr. Beach still resides in Bath, where he is gaining that celebrity which is due to uncommon genius, and which nothing but uncommon modesty could so long have impeded.—MDCCLXXXV.

And yet he breathes; but age, infirmity, and disappointment mark and embitter the closing scene, insomuch that some few months back he assured the Author, that death had long been an invited, and would be a welcome visitor. Jan. 12, 1805.

Note (*n*), page 149.

We brave e'en peril for a stranger's good.

It is with pleasure I draw an illustration of this sentiment from an incident which happened in Scotland, in

the autumn of 1800. That amiable young nobleman, LORD BYRON,—a name dear to Poets, from the patronage which the family bestowed on Thompson,—happening to be riding by the side of a deep river, near his paternal seat, saw a poor woman, who had been carried away by the stream, and was in imminent and instant danger of drowning.

He immediately threw himself from his horse, plunged into the river up to his neck, and dragged the perishing victim to land; while some unfeeling persons, who had witnessed the catastrophe, remained silent spectators of the woman's danger, and would have suffered her to sink without an effort to save her.

From this instance of genuine sympathy for the sufferings of his kind, I draw the happiest presages of the future character of the noble youth who is the subject of this note; and I am assured by one who knows him, that his conduct on this occasion was exactly what might have been expected from the generous philanthropy of his Lordship's heart.

Note (*o*), page 154.

Thus the poor mariner, his traffic o'er,—

The following very beautiful illustration of these emotions, occurs in the delightful "Pleasures of Hope."

"But Hope can here her midnight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought, he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear
While long-neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home."

The subsequent tender etching from "The Pleasures of Memory," forms another picture in keeping with the former."

"Th' adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's pray'r,
Turns on the neighbouring hills once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreath ascending with the breeze,
The village common, spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews, round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse reflection's [illegible],
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again."

For various instances of the Social Principle amongst Mariners, I recommend the reader to Captain Inglefield's Narrative---Captain Bligh's on the loss of the Bounty---The loss of the Guardian--The loss of the Halsewell Indiaman---The preservation of Captain Stewart, &c.

The subject might derive more interest also by considering cases of FIRE; in which many lives have been

generously, some gloriously, sacrificed on the pure impulse of the social duty; forcing the affectionate Friend and the tender Parent into the flames, solely from the hope of saving a darling object, without the remotest consideration of the great Principle of Self-Preservatio

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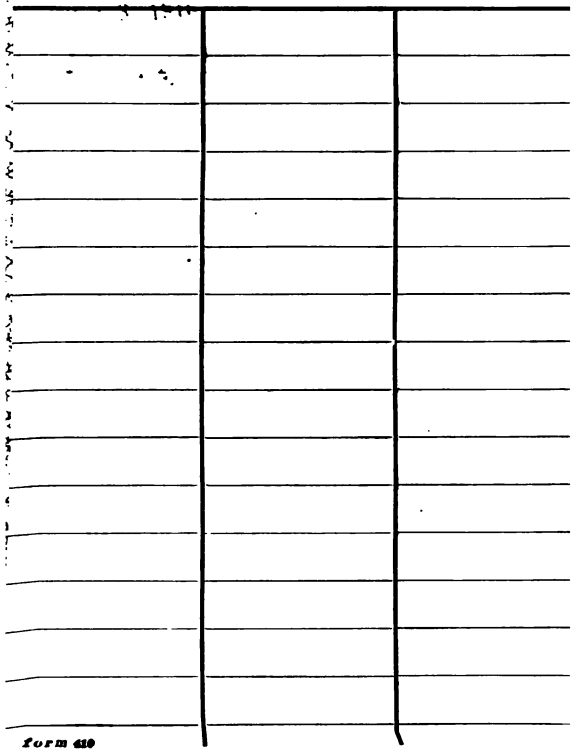

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